Eliza: A Joyon.

COLLECTION

OF

Miſcellany POEMS,

LETTERS, &c.

By Mr. *THO. BROWN.*

The Second Edition, with Additions,

LONDON,
Printed, and are to be Sold by *J. Nutt* near *Stationers-Hall.* 1700.

The Bookſeller to the Reader.

METhinks *I ſee the Reader under a great diſs appointment, to find a Book of Mr* Brown'-*ſtealing into the world without the Equipage of a flaunting* Dedication *or a Prefatory* Epiſtle, *like a painted young Whore in the Frontiſpiece of a Nanny-Houſe, to inveagle Cuſtomers. What? ſays the Reader, has all his Munificent Patrons made their Exits? has he dropt thoſe neceſſary requiſits of a Mercenary Pen, Impudence and Importunity? or has the fumes of a long debauch raiſed ſuch Fogs about his Brains, that nothing could be pumpt from his Poets Fingers? No, Gentlemen, he is retired into the Country with ſome yellow and white Chips of the* Tower, *and now looks as much above a Book-ſeller, as a* P—— *Councellor above a Porter; and the De'el a Line can I draw from him, whilſt he fancies himſelf Lord of* India. *This is an Epidemical diſeaſe among ſome Scribblers, who have no* Wit *to ſell, while they have Money to ſpend, or can be truſted; but when they are reduced to a low ebb, they'll ſneak, fawn, and cringe, like a Dog that has worry'd Sheep, and dreads the Halter. Then 'tis,* kind Sir, your moſt obedient humble Servant, wherein, Dear Sir, does it lye in the Sphere of my Activity to ſerve you, and earn half a Crown to procure me Credit for a Fortnight in a Cellar in the *Strand.*

Now

Now ſince 'tis inconſiſtent with my Intereſt, to wait any longer in expectation of a Preface, I have adventur'd 'em to run the Riſque of Cenſure, and ſhift for themſelves without one. Nor indeed do I apprehend any Neceſſity to detain the Reader in the Portal, where the inſide abounds with ſuch variety of excellent furniture, as will ſufficiently delight the Ingenious contemplator; here and there are interſpers'd ſome words bordering upon Indecency, for which I hope Mr Collier, Corrector General *of the prophane and debauch'd Preſs, will take my Author into Chaſtizement, amongſt the reſt of the Smutty Poets, and he'll oblige my grateful acknowledgment, in a Bottle of Wine and a Neats Tongue, for helping me to ſell ſome Thouſands of theſe Books more; but methinks I hear ſome ſay, how comes a Book-ſeller to write Prefaces, why not ſay I, for the Converſation of the Town, and keeping Company with the* Wits *will do much; for what would* Mr D——y *have done, who was bred a Scrivener, if it had not been for the Converſation of the Town; or what won'd become of the young* Oxonians *and* Cantabridgeans, *if they wanted Converſation; if any deſigned for the Goſ——l, they muſt Troop down to ſupply the Country Pul--s; or for the Law, they would be only fit to carry a green Bag after a Councellor. I beg my Readers pardon, for being ſo prolix, but I have now done, and remain his humble Servant,*

J. S

Miſcellany Poems, &c.

The Contented Whore.

An Imitation of Epig. 66. in *Mart.* l. 12.

Formoſa Phyllis nocte cum mihi tota, &c.

1.

TO Charming *Cælia*'s arms I flew,
And there all night I feaſted;
No God ſuch tranſports ever knew,
Nor mortal ever taſted.

2.

Loſt in the ſweet tumultuous joy,
And pleas'd beyond expreſſing:

How can your Slave, my Fair, ſaid I,
Reward ſo great a Bleſſing?

3.

The whole Creation's wealth ſurvey,
Thro both the *Indies* wander:
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,
And fighting Monarchs ſquander.

4.

The richeſt ſpoils of earth and air;
The rifled Ocean's treaſure;
'Tis all too poor a bribe by far
To purchaſe ſo much pleaſure.

5.

She bluſhing cry'd——My Life, my Dear,
Since *Cælia* thus you fancy.
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
A Rundlet of right *Nantcy*.

Mart. Epig. 20. l. 1.

Si memini, fuerant tibi, quatuor, Ælia dentes.

1.

WHen Gammar *Gurton* firſt I knew
Four Teeth in all ſhe reckon'd:
Come's a damn'd Cough, and whips out too,
And t'other two a ſecond.

2.

Courage, old Dame, and never fear,
The third when e're it comes,
Give me but t'other Jugg of Beer,
And I'll enſure your Gums.

Advice to a Vintner.

Mart. Epig. 19. l. 1.

The Hint taken from *Quid te Tucca juvat.*

WHat Planet diſtracts thee, what damnable (Star,
To daſh honeſt *Bourdeaux* with vile *Bar a Bar*?

Why ſhou'd innocent Claret be murder'd by Port,
Thou lt ſurely be ſentenc'd in *Bacchus*'s Court.
As for us Drunken Rakes, if we hang, or we drown?
Or are decently poyſon'd, what loſs has the Town;
But to kill harmleſs Claret, that does ſo much good,
Is downright effuſion of Chriſtian Blood :
Ne'r think what I tell you is matter of laughter,
Thou'lt be curſt for't in this world, and damn'd for't hereafter.

Mart. Epig. 5. l. 2.

Ne valeam, ſi non totis, Deciane, diebus, &c.

IN ſome vile Hamlet let me live forgot,
Small Beer my portion, and no Wine my lot :
To ſome worſe Fiend in Church-Indentures bound,
Than ancient *Job*, or modern *Sh- l--ck* found.
And with more aches plagu'd, and pains, and ills,
Than fill or *Salmon*'s Works, or *Tilburgh*'s Bills ;
If 'tis not ſtill the burden of my prayer
The night with you, with you the day to ſhare,
But

But Sir (and the complaint you know is true)
Two damn'd long miles there lie 'twixt me & you.
And theſe two miles, by help of calculation,
Make four, by that I've reach'd my habitation.
You near Sage *Wills*, the land of Mirth & Claret,
I live ſtow'd up in a *White-chappel* Garret.
Oft when I've walk'd ſo far, your hands to kiſs,
Flatter'd with thoughts of the ſucceeding bliſs,
I'm told you're gone to the vexatious *Hall*,
Where with eternal Lungs the Lawyers bawl;
Or elſe ſtole out, ſome Female friend to ſee;
Or, what's as bad, you're not at home for me.
Two miles I've at your ſervice, and that's civil,
But to trudge four, and miſs you, is the Devil.

Mart. Epig. 61. l. 11.

Sit Phlogis an Chione Veneri magis apta requiris?

1.

NOthing than *Chloe* e're I knew
By Nature more befriended:
Cælia's leſs Beautiful, 'tis true,
But by more hearts attended.

2.

No Nymph alive with ſo much art
Receives her Shepherd's firing,
Or does ſuch cordial drops impart
To love when juſt expiring.

3.

Cold niggard Age, that does elſewhere
At one poor offering falter,
To her whole Hecatombs wou'd ſpare,
And pay them on her Altar.

4. But

4.

But *Chloe*, to Love's great diſgrace,
In Bed nor falls, nor riſes,
And too much truſting to her face,
All other Arts deſpiſes.

5.

No half form'd words, nor murmuring ſighs,
Engage to freſh performing
Her breathleſs Lover, when he lies,
Diſabled after ſtorming.

6.

Dull as a Prelate when he prays,
Or Cowards after liſting,
The fair Inſenſible betrays
Loves rites by not aſſiſting.

7.

Why thus, ye powers that cauſe our ſmart,
Do ye Love's gifts diſſever;
Or why thoſe happy Talents part,
That ſhou'd be joyn'd for ever.

8.

For once perform an Act of Grace,
Implor'd with ſuch devotion,
And grant my *Cælia Chloe*'s face,
Or *Chloe Cælia*'s motion.

Hor. Ode 8. l. 1.
Lydia dic per omnes, &c.

1.

TEll me, O *Lydia*, for by heavens I ſwear,
You ſhan't deny ſo juſt a prayer.
Tell me why thus young *Damon* you deſtroy,
And nip the blooming virtues of the lovely Boy.

2.

Why does he never throw the manly bar,
And practice the firſt feats of war,
Or gayly ſhining in his Martial pride,
With a ſtrong artful hand the foaming courſer guide.

3. Why

3.

Why does he never graſp the pond'rous ſheild,
And meet his equals in the Field:
Or when the ſtreams ſwell with the flowing (Tide,
With his ſoft pliant arms the ſilver *Thames* divide.

4.

Why does he lurk, for I bewail his doom,
Like an *Alſatian* Bully ſtill at home,
That fears to walk abroad all day,
Leſt eager hungry Cits ſhou'd hurry him away.

Hor. Ode 17. l. 2.
Quid Bellicoſus Cantaber, &c.

1.

WHat the B--lly of *France*, and our Friends (on the *Rhine*,
With their ſtout Grenadiers thi Summer deſign,
Ceaſe over your Coffee, and Wine, to debate:
Why the Devil ſhou'd you, that live this ſide the (water,
Pore

Pore over Gazettes, and be vext at the matter?
Come, come, let alone theſe Arcana's of State.

2.

Alas! while ſuch idle diſcourſe you maintain,
And with Politic Nonſenſe thus trouble your Brain,
Your Youth flys away on the back of ſwift hours,
Which no praying, no painting, no ſighing reſtores.
Then you'll find, when old Age has diſcolour'd your head,
Tho a Miſtreſs be wanting, no reſt in your Bed.

3.

Prithee do but obſerve how the Queen of the night
Still varies her ſtation, and changes her light:
Now with a full Orb ſhe the darkneſs does chaſe,
Now like Whores in the Pit, ſhews but half of her face.
Theſe Chaplets of Flowers that our Temples adorn,
Now tarniſh & fade, that were freſh in the morn.

4. But

4.

But to leave off theſe ſimiles, for Curate in Chamlet,
To lard a dry Sermon for grave folks in Hamlet,
While our Vigour remains, we'll our Talents im-
(prove,
Daſh the pleaſures of Wine with the Bleſſings of
(Love,
Here, careleſly here, we'll lye down in the ſhade
Which the friendly kind Poplars and Lime-trees
(have made.

5.

Your Claret's too hot—Sirrah, Drawer, go bring
A cup of cold *Adam* from the next purling ſpring.
And now your hands in, prethee ſtep o're the way
And fetch Madam *Trickſy*, the brisk & the gay.
Bid her come in her Alamode Manto of Sattin,
Two coolers I'm ſure with our Wine can be no
(falſe Latin.

Natis

Hor. Ode 27. l. 1:
Natis in Uſum lætitiæ Scyphis, &c.

1.

TO fight in your Cups, and abuſe the good Creature,
Believe it, my Friends, is a ſin of that nature,
That were you all damn'd for a tedious long year
To naſty Mundungus, and heath'niſh Small Beer,
Such as after debauches your Sparks of the Town
For a penance next morning devoutly pour down
It would not atone for ſo vile a Tranſgreſſion,
You're a ſcandal to all of the drinking profeſſion.

2.

What a pox do ye bellow, & make ſuch a pother,
And throw Candleſticks, Bottles, and Pipes at (each other.
Come keep the Kings Peace, leave your dam- (ning and ſinking,
And gravely return to good Chriſtian drinking.

He

He that flinches his Glaſs, and to drink is not able,
Let him quarrel no more, but knock under the Table.

3.

Well, Faith, ſince you've rais'd my ill nature ſo high,
I'll drink on no other condition, not I,
Unleſs my old friend in the corner declares
What Miſtreſs he Courts, and whoſe colours he wears;
You may ſafely acquaint me, for I'm none of thoſe
That uſe to divulge what's ſpoke under the Roſe.

Come, part with't —— What ſhe! forbid it ye Powers,
What unfortunate Planet rul'd o'er thy Amours.
Why man ſhe has lain (Oh thy Fate how I pity)
With half the blue Breeches and Wigs in the City.
So thank Mr. Parſon, give him thanks with a curſe,
Oh thoſe damnable words For better for worſe.

To

To regain your old freedom you vainly endea-
(vour,
Your Doxy and You no Prieſt can diſſever,
You muſt dance in the Circle, you muſt dance
in't for ever.

To Mr. *Henry Purcel.*

LOng did darkignorance ourIſle o'reſpread,
Our Muſic, and our Poetry lay dead.
But the dull malice of a barbarous Age,
Fell moſt ſevere on *David*'s ſacred Page.
To wound hisſenſe,& quench hisheav'n-born fire,
Three vile Tranſlators lewdly did conſpire,
In holy Doggerel, and low chiming Proſe,
The King and Poet they at once depoſe.
Vainly he did th' unrighteous change bemoan,
And languiſh'd in vile Numbers, not his own.
Nor ſtopt his uſage here:
For what eſcap'd in *Wiſdom*'s ancient Rhimes,
Was murdred o're and o're in the Compoſers
Chimes.
What

What praiſes, *Purcell*, to thy skill are due,
Who haſt to *Judah*'s Monarch been ſo true.
By thee he moves our hearts, by thee he reigns,
By thee ſhakes off his old inglorious Chains,
And ſees new honors done to his immortal ſtrains.
Not *Italy*, the Mother of each Art,
Did e're a juſter, happier Son impart.
In thy performance we with wonder find
Corelli's Genius to *Baſſani* joyn'd.
Sweetneſs combin'd with Majeſty prepares
To wing Devotion with inſpiring Airs.
Thus I unknown my gratitude expreſs,
And conſcious gratitude cou'd do no leſs;
This Tribute from each *Britiſh* Muſe is due,
The whole Poetic Tribe's oblig'd to you.
For where the Author's ſcanty words have fail'd,
Thy happier Graces, *Purcell*, have prevail'd.
And ſurely none but you, with equal eaſe,
Cou'd add to *David*, and make *Durfy* pleaſe.

The

The Ode in *Horace* L. 4. Paraphraſed. *Audivere Lyce*, &c.

1.

LOng have my Prayers ſlow heaven aſſail'd
But thanks to all the powers above,
That ſtill revenge the cauſe of injur'd Love,
Lyce at laſt they have prevail'd.
My vows are all with uſury repaid,
For who can Providence upbraid,
That ſees thy former crimes with haſten'd Age repaid.

2.

Thou'rt old, and yet by awkard ways doſt ſtrive
Th' unwilling paſſion to revive;
Doſt drink, and dance, and touch thy Lyre,
And all to ſet ſome puny Heart on fire.
Alas in *Chloe*'s Cheeks love basking lyes;
Chloe great Beauty's faireſt prize,
Chloe that charms our ears, and raviſhes our eyes.

3. The

3.

The vigorous Boy flies o're the barren Plains,
Where ſapleſs Oaks their wither'd trunks extend,
For Love, like other Gods, diſdains
To grace the Shrine that Age has once profan'd.
He too laughs at thee now,
Scorns thy grey hairs, and wrinkled brow,
How ſhould his youthful fires agree with hoary Ages ſnow?

4.

In vain, with wondrous art, and mighty care,
You ſtrive your ruin'd Beauty to repair;
No far-fetcht Silks one minute can reſtore,
That time has added to the endleſs ſcore.
And precious Stones, tho ne're ſo bright,
They ſhine with their own native light,
Will but diſgrace thee now, and but inhance thy night.

5.

Ah me! where's now that Mien! that Face!
That Shape! that Air! that every Grace!
That Colour! whoſe inchanting Red
Me to Love's tents a Captive led.
Strange turn of Fate! that ſhe
Who from my ſelf ſo oft has ſtoln poor me,
Now by the juſt revenge of Time, ſtoln from herſelf ſhould be.

6.

Time was when *Lyce*'s powerful face
To *Phyllis* only gave the place;
Perfect in all the little tricks of love,
That charm the ſenſe, and the quick fancy move.
But fate to *Phyllis* a long reign deny'd,
She fell in all her blooming Beauty's pride,
She conquer'd whilſt ſhe liv'd, and triumph'd as ſhe dy'd.

7. Tho u,

7.

Thou, like ſome old Commander in diſgrace,
Surviving the paſt Conqueſts of thy face,
Now the great buſineſs of thy life is done,
Reviewſt with grief the Trophies thou haſt won.
Damn'd to be parch'd with luſt, tho chill'd with Age,
And tho paſt action, damn'd to tread the Stage,
That all might laugh to ſee that glaring light,
Which lately ſhone ſo fierce and bright,
End with a ſtink at laſt, and vaniſh into night.

The x. Ode in *Horace* L. 3. Paraphraſed.

Extremum Tanaim ſi biberes Lyce, &c.

THo you, my *Lyce*, in ſome Northern flood
Had chill'd the current of your blood:
Or loſt your ſweet engaging Charms
In ſome *Tartarian* Husband's icy arms,

5.

Ah me! where's now that Mien! that Face!
That Shape! that Air! that every Grace!
That Colour! whoſe inchanting Red
Me to Love's tents a Captive led.
Strange turn of Fate! that ſhe
Who from my ſelf ſo oft has ſtoln poor me,
Now by the juſt revenge of Time, ſtoln from herſelf ſhould be.

6.

Time was when *Lyce*'s powerful face
To *Phyllis* only gave the place;
Perfect in all the little tricks of love,
That charm the ſenſe, and the quick fancy move.
But fate to *Phyllis* a long reign deny'd,
She fell in all her blooming Beauty's pride,
She conquer'd whilſt ſhe liv'd, and triumph'd as ſhe dy'd.

7. Thou,

7.

Thou, like ſome old Commander in diſgrace,
Surviving the paſt Conqueſts of thy face,
Now the great buſineſs of thy life is done,
Reviewſt with grief the Trophies thou haſt won.
Damn'd to be parch'd with luſt, tho chill'd with Age,
And tho paſt action, damn'd to tread the Stage,
That all might laugh to ſee that glaring light,
Which lately ſhone ſo fierce and bright,
End with a ſtink at laſt, and vaniſh into night.

The x. Ode in *Horace* L. 3. Paraphraſed.

Extremum Tanaim ſi biberes Lyce, &c.

THo you, my *Lyce*, in ſome Northern flood
Had chill'd the current of your blood:
Or loſt your ſweet engaging Charms
In ſome *Tartarian* Husband's icy arms,

Were yet one ſpark of pity left behind
To form the leaſt impreſſion on your mind,
Sure you muſt grieve, ſure you muſt ſigh,
Sure drop ſome pity from your Eye,
To ſee your Lover proſtrate on the ground,
With gloomy night, and black deſpair encompaſs'd all around.

2.

Hark! how the threatning Tempeſts riſe,
And with loud clamors fill the Skies:
Hark! how the tott'ring buildings ſhake,
Hark! how the Trees a doleful Conſort make.
And ſee! oh ſee! how all below
The earth lyes cover'd deep in Snow.
The *Romans* clad in white, did thus the *Faſces* woe,
And thus your freezing Candidate, my *Lyce*, ſues for you

3.

Come, lay theſe fooliſh niceties aſide,
And to ſoft paſſion ſacrifice your pride;
Let

Let not the precious hours with fruitleſs queſtions dye,
But let new ſcenes of pleaſure crown them as they fly.
Slight not the flames which your own charms infuſe,
And no kind friendly minute loſe,
While Youth & Beauty give you leave to chuſe.
As men by acts of Charity below
Or purchaſe the next world, or think they do:
So you in Youth a Lover ſhou'd engage,
To make a ſure retreat for your declining Age.

4.

Let meaner Souls by Virtue be cajol'd,
As the good *Grecian* Spinſtreſs was of old;
She, while her Sot his youthful prime beſtow'd
To fight a Cuckolds Wars abroad,
Held out a longer Siege than *Troy*,
Againſt the warm attacks of proffer'd joy,

And fooliſhly preſerv'd a worthleſs Chaſtity,
At the expence of ten years lyes and perjury.
Like that old faſhion'd Dame ne're bilk your own delight,
But what you've loſt i'th' day, get, get it in the night.

5.

Oh! then if prayers can no acceptance find,
Nor vows, nor offerings bend your mind;
If all theſe pow'rful motives fail,
Yet let your Husbands injuries prevail;
He, by ſome Play-houſe Jilt miſ-led,
Elſewhere beſtows the tribute of your Bed;
Let me his forfeited Embraces ſhare,
Let me your mighty wrongs repair.
Thus Kings by their own Rebels powers betray'd,
To quell the home-bred Foe call in a foreign aid.

6. Love,

6.

Love, let Platonics promiſe what they will,
Muſt, like Devotion, be encourag'd ſtill;
Muſt meet with equal wiſhes and deſires,
Or elſe the dying Lamp in its own Urn expires:
And I, for all that boaſted flame
We Poets and fond Lovers idly claim,
Am of too frail a make I fear,
Shou'd you continue ſtill ſevere,
To brave the double hardſhips of your fate,
And bear the coldneſs of the nights, and rigor of your hate.

The xxvi. Ode in *Hor.* L. 3. Paraphras'd.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus, &c.

1.

'Tis true, while active Blood my veins did fire,
And vigorous Youth gay thoughts inſpire,
(By your leave, Courteous Reader, be it ſaid)
I cou'd have don't as well as moſt men did;

But now I am (the more's the pity)
The verieſt ſumbler in the City.

2.

There, honeſt Harp, that haſt of late
So often bore thy ſinful Maſters fate,
Thou a crack'd ſide, and he a broken pate.
Hang up, and peaceful reſt enjoy,
Hang up, while poor dejected I,
Unmuſical, unſtrung like thee, ſit mourning by.

3.

And likewiſe all ye truſty bars,
With whoſe aſſiſtance heretofore,
When Love engag'd me in his Wars,
I've batter'd, heaven forgive me, many a door'
Lye there till ſome more able hand
Shall you to your old pious uſe command.

4.

But, oh kind *Phœbus*, lend a pitying ear
To thy old Servant's humble prayer,

Let

Let ſcornful *Chloe* thy reſentments feel,
Laſh her all o're with rods of Steel;
And when the Jilt ſhall of her ſmart complain,
This 'tis, then tell her, to diſdain
Thy ſacred power, and ſcorn a Lover's pain.

The xv. Ode in *Horace* Lib. 3. Imitated.

Uxor pauperis Ibyci, &c.

1.

AT length, thou antiquated Whore,
Leave trading off, and ſin no more,
For ſhame in your old Age turn Nun,
As Whores of everlaſting Memory have done.

2.

Why ſhouldſt thou ſtill frequent the ſport,
The Balls, and revels of the Court?
Or why at glittering Masks appear,
Only to fill the Triumphs of the Fair?

3. To

3.

To *Ghent* or *Bruſſels* ſtrait adjourn,
The lewdneſs of your former life to mourn,
There brawny Prieſts in plenty you may hire,
If whip, and wholeſom Sackcloth cannot quench (the fire.

4.

Your Daughter's for the buſineſs made,
To her in Conſcience quit your Trade.
Thus, when his conquering days were done,
Victorious *Charles* reſign'd his Kingdom to his Son.

5.

Alas! ne're thrum your long diſus'd Guittar,
Nor with Pulvilio's ſcent your hair,
But in ſome lonely Cell abide,
With Roſary and Plalter dangling at your ſide.

The Epigram in *Martial* L. Imitated.

Quæris ſollicitus diu, rogaſq;
Cui tradas, Lupe, filium Magiſtro, &c.

WHen e're I meet you, ſtill you cry,
What ſhall I do with *Bob*, my Boy.
Since this Affair you'll have me treat on,
Ne're ſend the Lad to *Pauls* or *Eaton*.
The Muſes let him not confide in,
But leave thoſe Jilts to *Tate* or *Dryden*.
If, with damn'd Rimes he racks his wits,
Send him to *Mevis* or *St. Kit's*.
Would you with wealth his Pockets ſtore well,
Teach him to pimp, or hold a door well.
If he has a head not worth a Stiver,
Make him a Curate, or Hog-driver.

In obitum Tho. Shadwell pinguis memoriæ. 1693.

1.

COnditur hæc tumulo *Bavius*, gravis eſſe memento
Terra duo Bavio, nam fuit ille tibi.

2.

Tam cito miraris *Bavii* fœtere cadaver?
Non erat in toto corpore mica ſalis.

3.

Mors uni *Bavio* lucrum: nam jugera Vates,
Qui vivens habuit nulla, ſepultus habet.

4.

Porrigitur novus hic *Tityus* per jugera ſeptem,
Nec quæ tondebit viſcera, deerit Avis.

5.

Dieite (nam bene vos noſtis) gens Critica, vates
An fuerit *Bavius* pejor, an hiſtoricus.

6. Mi-

6.

Militiam ſicco *Wilhelmus* Marte peregit.
O Clemens Cæſar! conſulis hiſtorico.

7.

Tom writ, but the Reader ſtill ſlept o're his Book,
For he carefully writ the ſame Opium he took.

An *Impromptu* to *Shadwell's* Memory, by Dr. *B*------

AND muſt our glorious Laureat then depart,
Heav'n if it pleaſe may take his loyal heart,
As for the reſt ſweet Devil fetch a Cart.

In Decretum Parliamenti 1689. *De non adulterandis Vinis.*

CRimen adulterii vetuerunt Biblia fruſtra.
Jam quid ages Caupo? Parliamenta vetant.

Inſcriptions deſign'd for the Dyal over the Fountain in the new Square at *Lincolns-Inn.*

1.

UT referat gratam mercedem quælibet hora,
Munificum laudet quælibet hora Deum.

2.

Unde fluit lapſu, quid ſtas ignave, perenni,
Carpe Viator iter, ſic tibi vita fluit.

3.

Hæc Legum domus eſt, colit hanc Themis aurea (ſedem,
Hoſpite nec Domus eſt dignior ulla Dea.

An Epigram under the Picture of a Beau.

THis vain gay thing ſets up for man,
But ſee what Fate attends him,
The powd'ring Barber firſt began,
The Barber Surgeon ends him.

The

The Song of *Go Perjur'd Man*, ſet admirably to Muſic by Dr. *Blow*. Tranſlated into *Latin*.

I To execrandis perfide paſſibus,
Vagumq; retro ſi taleris pedem
Viſurus extremat pudendæ
Reliquias inimicus urnæ,
Si quando riſu turbidus improbo
Recte monentem temnere pulverem
Proclivis, ornamenta quæres
Fæmineæ fugitiva formæ
Forte & piarum munera virginum
Flores profanâ difficis manu:
Huic Sexui, Eheu! quam fugacis
Imperii monumentum & Omen.
Utar protervi vindiciis Noti,
Vocabo & Euros, tu cineris brevi
Ultoris inſurgente nube,
Perpetuam patiere noctem.

To

To a Lady that would not grant the laſt favours under cheaper terms than Matrimony.

Out of *French.*

LIke our great Father *Adam* fain wou'd I,
The Paradice you drive me from, enjoy.
But *Cælia*, you too hard conditions make,
The flaming Sword of Marriage drives me back.

Avis ſur a Mariage.

THe Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,
He always in danger, ſhe always in motion;
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his carcaſs,
Twice ventures a drowning, and faith that's a (hard caſe
Even at our own weapons the Females defeat us
And death, only death, can ſign our *Quietus*.
Not to tell ye ſad ſtories of liberty loſt,
How our mirth is all pall'd, & our pleaſure all croſt

This

This Pagan confinement, this damnable ſtation,
Suits no order, nor age, nor degree in the nation.
The Levite it keeps from Parochial duty,
For who can at once mind Religion & Beauty?
The rich it alarms with expences and trouble,
And a poor Beaſt you know can ſcarce carry double.
'Twas invented, they'll tell you, to keep us from falling,
Oh the virtue and grace of a ſhrill catterwauling.
But in pales in your Game, Ah but how do you know, Sir,
How often your Neighbour breaks up your incloſure.
For this is the principal comfort of Marriage,
You muſt eat, tho a hundred have ſpit in your Porrage.
If at night you're unactive, and fail of performing,
Enter Thunder and Lightning, and Bloodſhed next morning.
Crys the Bone of your ſide, thanks dear Mr. *Horner*,
This comes of your ſinning with Crape in a corner.

To a Lady that would not grant the laſt favours under cheaper terms than Matrimony.

Out of *French.*

LIke our great Father *Adam* fain wou'd I,
The Paradice you drive me from, enjoy.
But *Cælia,* you too hard conditions make,
The flaming Sword of Marriage drives me back.

Avis ſur a Mariage.

THe Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,
He always in danger, ſhe always in motion;
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his carcaſs,
Twice ventures a drowning, and faith that's a (hard caſe
Even at our own weapons the Females defeat us
And death, only death, can ſign our *Quietus.*
Not to tell ye ſad ſtories of liberty loſt,
How our mirth is all pall'd, & our pleaſure all croſt

This

This Pagan confinement, this damnable ſtation,
Suits no order, nor age, nor degree in the nation.
The Levite it keeps from Parochial duty,
For who can at once mind Religion & Beauty?
The rich it alarms with expences and trouble,
And a poor Beaſt you know can ſcarce carry double.
'Twas invented, they'll tell you, to keep us from falling,
Oh the virtue and grace of a ſhrill catterwauling.
But in pales in your Game. Ah but how do you know, Sir,
How often your Neighbour breaks up your incloſure.
For this is the principal comfort of Marriage,
You muſt eat, tho a hundred have ſpit in your Porrage.
If at night you're unactive, and fail of performing,
Enter Thunder and Lightning, and Bloodſhed next morning.
Crys the Bone of your ſide, thanks dear Mr. *Horner*,
This comes of your ſinning with Crape in a corner.

Then to make up the breach, all your ſtrength you muſt rally,
And labour, and ſweat like a Slave at the Galley.
Yet ſtill you muſt charge, oh bleſſed condition!
Tho you know, to your coſt, you've no more Ammunition.

Till at laſt my dear mortify'd Tool of a man,
You're not able to make a poor flaſh in the pan.

Fire, Female, and Flood begin with a Letter,
And the world's for them all not a farthing the better.
Your Flood ſoon is gone, and your Fire you may humble,
If into the Flood ſtore of Water you tumble;
But to cool the damn'd heat of your Wife's Titillation,
You may uſe half the Engines, and Pumps in the Nation,
But may piſs out as well the laſt Conflagration.

Thus, Sir, I have ſent you my thoughts of the matter,
Judge you you pleaſe, but I ſcorn to flatter.

The

The Fable of the Bat and the Birds.

In Imitation of that of the *Buzzard* in the *Hind and Panther.* in the year 1689.

IN ancient times, as learned *Æſop* ſhows,
'Twixt Birds and Beaſts a fatal War aroſe.
But whether this from State-Intrigues did flow,
Or to ſome Church pretence its birth did owe,
Or depredations made, concernsus not to know.
Weighty, you may be ſure, the cauſe was thought,
Which ſuch an univerſal tumult wrought.
Picqueering parties firſt began the fray,
A ſad preſage of the enſuing day.
At laſt the War was ſolemnly proclaim'd,
The hour of fighting ſet, and both the Leaders nam'd.
The fooliſh Bat, a Bird obſcene and baſe,
The ſcorn and jeſt of all the feather'd race;
Or by fantaſtic fears, and ſcruples led,
Or by ambition mov'd, his party fled,

Joyn'd with the Beaſts, and eager to engage,
With popular Harangues urg'd on a feeble rage.
As fortune wou'd, on an ill-fated day,
The Beaſts drew out their forces in array:
The different kinds their grudges laid aſide,
And for the common ſafety now provide.
Ev'n their old piques, and warm diſputes forgot,
The *Hind* and *Panther* joyn'd upon the ſpot;
And by one mutual league of friendſhip held,
Prepare for the rough buſineſs of the field.
When lo! the Birds in numerous bands appear,
And with repeated crys attack the Rear;
Give a fierce charge, and back like *Parthians* fly
To repoſſeſs their patrimonial Sky:
Then ſtrait deſcending, with redoubled might,
They ſpend their fury, and renew the fight.
Pale Victory, all trembling and diſmay'd,
With doubtful Wings the purple Scene ſurvey'd.

At last, propitious to her feather'd kind,
Declar'd her favour, and the Scale inclin'd.
Whole Hecatombs the cover'd field possest,
And gave their foes at once a Triumph and a Feast.
Their slaughter'd Young the *Rachel* Dams deplor'd,
And many a Widdow'd Cow mourn'd o're her Horned Lord.

The generous Eagle (so his Stars ordain)
Chases th' affrighted Lyon from the Plain:
Their General gone, the rest like Lightning fly,
A cheap unfighting herd, not worth the Victory

And now the Birds with eager haste pursue,
Thro lanes, and devious tracks, the scatter'd crew.
Among the rest, beset with dangers round,
The trembling Bat was in a Cellar found:
'Tis pity fame ne're Chronicled his taker,
But all Records agree; they found him near *Long-acre.*
Percht on a Pole, they brought him to the Bar,
Where the full house sat talking of the War.

Strait at the ſight, a various noiſe began,
Which thro the ſpacious Hall, and neighb'ring Lobby ran.
Each Member in the publick mirth concurr'd,
And droll'd upon the poor Apoſtatizing Bird.
Firſt Parrot *Settle* open'd wide his throat,
Next Cuckow *Rimer* always in a note;
And Peacock *Chetwood*, of the Clergy kind;
But his Poetic Feet diſgrac'd the train behind.
And *Creech*, and *Norris*, Blackbirds of renown;
And Corm'rant *Higden*, for devouring known.
Nay, to augment the hardſhip of his woes,
Owl *Durfy* clapt his wings, and hooted in the cloſe.
When now their Raillery began to ſpare,
(And faith 'twas too too much for one Bird to bear)
The Eagle order'd ſilence in the room,
And thus aloud pronounc'd the ſhiv'ring Lubber's doom.
Beaſt of a Bird, thus to deſert thy friends,
And joyn the common Foe, for baſe ungenerous ends;
What

What puniſhment can ſuit ſo black a crime?
Hear then, and ſtand accurſt to all ſucceeding time.
From all our Diets be thou firſt expell'd,
Or thoſe in flowry Groves, or thoſe on Steeples held,
When our gay Tribes in youthful pomp appear,
To joyn in Nuptial bands, & meet the ſmiling year.
Nay more, to make thee mortifie and grieve,
To Buzzard *Shadwell* we thy places give.
Him we appoint Hiſtorian of our State,
And Poet Laureat of the Woods create.
Outlaw'd our Realms, and baniſh'd from the light,
Be thou for ever damn'd to ſteal abroad by night.

Antenor's Speech in the Second *Æneid*, applied to the Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience. In the year 1687.

Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.

YOu dull Diſſenters, what vain folly blinds
Your ſences thus, and captivates your minds?

Think you this proffer'd Liberty is free,
From Tricks, and Snares, and Papal Treachery?
Think you 'twas meant according to the Letter?
Oh that ſuch plodding heads ſhou'd know the Pope no better.

Truſt me, this kindneſs either was deſign'd
T' inflame our quarrels, and our weakneſs find:
Or elſe the breach was open'd at a venture,
That at one hole both Cowl & Cloak might enter.
Pray Heav'n there be no farther miſchief meant,
But I'm afraid there's *Roman* Opium in't.
Be't what it will, the gilded Pill ſuſpect,
And with a ſmiling ſcorn your profferd fate reject;
A Papiſt, tho ungiving, means you evil,
But when he ſcatters gifts and mercies, he's the Devil.

A Satyr upon an Ignorant Quack that murder'd a Friends Child, and occaſion'd the Mother upon the news of it to Miſcarry.

THo 'twas thy luck to cheat the fatal Tree,
Thanks to the partial herd that quitted thee;
And, to the laſting ſcandal of our times,
Thou'rt ſtill reſerv'd to act anew thy crimes,
Think not to 'ſcape the juſtice of my Rimes.
Th' impartial Muſe, in pointed ſtabbing Verſe,
Shall all thy ſeveral Villanies rehearſe:
With wreaths of Henbane ſhe'll adorn thy Head,
She'll hunt thee living, & ſhe'll plague thee dead.
Baſe ſordid Monſter! Mercenary Slave!
Thou Church-yard Pimp, & Pandar to the Grave,
Death's buſie Factor, Son of Deſolation,
Thy Country's curſe, and grievance of the Nation.
Thou motly lump of ignorance and pride,
In all the ſcoundrel arts of killing try'd;

How

How ſhall I tell thy guilt, or how begin
To laſh a Villain cruſted o're with ſin?
Sure in ſome Powder-mill that hot-brain'd Sot
Thy Father, in the Dog-days thee begot:
And ſome She-Bear, in horrid Woods alone,
Suckled thee young, and nurſt thee for her own
Hence thy ſowr brutal temper firſt began,
The Beaſt was thinly plated with the Man:
No beams of ſoftning pity touch thy breaſt,
Too vile a Cell to harbour ſuch a Gueſt.
Oh hadſt thou liv'd in that curſt Tyrant's reign,
By whoſe command the Innocents were ſlain,
Herod might then have ſav'd his men the pains,
At *Bethlem* to knock out the Children's brains.
Thy Pills alone the fatal work had done,
And ſoon diſpatch't them every Mother's Son.
Why with our laws vain Volumes do we fill,
If ſuch as thou have privilege to kill?

Mean

Mean, lowsy Felons, for less Crimes by far
Have oft receiv'd their sentence at the Bar:
I'th' face of day thou robb'st us of our health,
And yet art never question'd for the stealth.
Sure some dire Planet all thy steps pursues,
Name *All-kill*, and a sickness strait ensues.
Thro thy destroying skill Diseases reign,
Nor did a Blacksmith teach them first in vain;
Not Sword, nor Plague, nor famine ravage more,
Thou kill'st, and Fate has hardly time to score.
Death, tho unsought, waits on thy murdring Quill,
Attends each Dose, and lurks in every Pill:
With little pains, and very little bribing,
Whole Nations might be kill'd by thy prescribing.
But know, dull Sot, the dreadful hour's at hand,
When before awful Justice thou must stand.
The Muse her ancient freedom does assume,
Then tremble, while she thus proclaims thy doom.

For

For *Grubstreet* Doggrel furnish out a Tale,
And be the jest of Midwives o're their Ale.
For scalded heads most learnedly advise,
And in the case of Kibes, seems monstrous wise.
Be ne're consulted 'bove a Boil, or Blister,
And to my Lady's Lap-dog give a Glister.
If thou hast a mind to pick up nasty pence,
Set up for Farrier in thy own defence.
Cure Hogs of Measles, visit labouring Swine,
And order Doses for thy Neighbours Kine.
Reign over Beasts, from *Barsheba* to *Dan*,
But never, never meddle more with Man.
May none seek help from thy damn'd remedies
But senceless Brutes that health & fame despise.
But Sots, on whom each canting fool imposes,
And Carted Bawds, & Strumpets without Noses
Be the most scorn'd Jack-pudding in the pack,
And turn Toad-eater to some foreign Quack.

Gout

Gout, Pox, and Stone, with all attending ills,
Thou hast so often threatned in thy Bills,
Thee, with fresh rage incessantly devour;
And leave their pointed darts in every pore.
Let them with force united make thee smart,
And own thy self a Blockhead in thy Art,
From these insulting Tyrants find no quarter,
But to thy own Prescriptions fall a Martyr.
On thy vile self the baleful potions try,
Then damn old *Galen*, and by piecemeal dye.
But let no Fever, (for I'll once be kind)
Or Pestilence to thee admission find:
Those generous Foes too soon conclude their rage,
I'd have thee tortur'd for at least an age.
May all that malice, fruitful to torment,
All that revenge of Priesthood can invent;
All that on earth despairing Wretches fear,
Light on thy head, and kindly center there.

Mark'd

Markd with heaven's ſtamp, like *Adam*'s mur-
(dring Son,
Thro the whole Globe, a branded Villain run,
And all Mankind the raving Monſter ſhun.
Deſpis'd, abandon'd, rove from Pole to Pole,
Thy carcaſs jaded by thy reſtleſs ſoul.
Where-e're thou goeſt, a Mother's curſes meet,
Pale Nurſes thee with execrations greet,
And wrinkled Witches when they truck with hell
Invoke thy Name, and uſe it for a Spell.
Blaſpheming leave the world, and never know,
The leaſt remitting interval from woe.
Dire Conſcience all thy guilty dreams, affright,
With the moſt ſolemn horrors of the night,
The ſcreams of Infants ever fill thy Ears,
And injur'd heav'n be deaf to all thy Vows and
(Prayers.

Thus I have eas'd in part my wrathful ſpleen,
Nor canſt thou ſay the Muſe has been too keen.

What-

What-e're the fierceſt Satyr can inſpire,
Falls vaſtly ſhort of what thy Crimes require.
What puniſhment can too ſevere be thought
For thee, by whom ſuch num'rous ills are wrought?
The living ſent to an untimely Tomb,
And unborn Infants murder'd in the Womb.
For ſeiz'd with grief that by thy fatal aid,
Her much-wrong'd Child was of its life betray'd,
The expiring Parent, whom ſcarce art could ſave,
Paid an untimely Tribute to the Grave.
To what degree do Quacks like thee, annoy,
Who can ev'n life, before it comes, deſtroy?

An Inſcription upon a Tobacco-Box. By Dr. *Sp*——

CUm tetris Pandoram armarent fata venenis,
Fatali erupit pyxide dira lues.
Jam faciles ſecura dederunt munera Divi,
Una fuit peſtis pyxidis, una ſalus.

An

An Imitation of it in *Engliſh.*

WHen with rank poyſon Heaven equipt *Pandora*
She ope'd the Box like a Confounded Whore a,
And of Diſeaſes ſtrait flew out a ſcore a.
But now ſince *Jove*, like a good-natur'd Brother,
Gives us the *Indian* weed to ſunk and ſmother,
One Box has made atonement for another.

Upon Burning ſome Anti-Monarchical Books to the Memory of King *Charles* the Firſt, in the year 1691.

CArole gentis honos, ſate Carôle ſanguine Divum,
Qui major magnis annumeraris Avis,
Relligio accepit, quo principe, noſtra coronam,
Quo vivente decus, quo moriente fidem.
Hæc damus ultrici damnata volumina flammæ,
Manibus inferias, ſancte Monarcha, tuis,

Seu

Seu tulerint Batavæ funeſta venena paludes,
Seu dederit ſævam Scotia dira luem.
Sic ſemper pereat, quæcunq; laceſſere Charta
Vel Reges auſa eſt, vel tetigiſſe Deos.

To Mr. *D*----- upon his moſt incomparable Ballads, call'd by him Lyric Odes.

1.

THou Cur, half *French*, half *Engliſh* Breed,
Thou Mungril of *Parnaſſus*,
To think tall lines run up to ſeed
Shou'd ever tamely paſs us.

2.

Thou write Pindarics, and be damn'd,
Write Epigrams for Cutlers;
None with thy Lyrics can be ſhamm'd
But Chambermaids and Butlers.

3.

In t'other World expect dry blows,
No tears can wipe thy ſtains out;

Horace will pluck thee by the Noſe,
And *Pindar* beat thy brains out.

To Mr. *Higden*, upon the ill ſucceſs of his Play.

NO longer your expected Play conceal,
But to a more impartial Court appeal.
The righteous few, true to the cauſe of Wit,
Will ſoon reverſe the Sentence of the Pit.
Why ſhou'd their cenſure men of ſenſe alarm?
Thoſe Sons of *Muggleton* can do no harm.
The Wit, that oft their haſty Malice dooms,
Outlives its Judges, nay, outlaſts their Tombs.
Thus 'twas my fate to viſit once a Friend,
Whom dire fore-boding Omens did attend:
The Doctor tells him, Sir, your hour is nigh,
Send for the Parſon, and prepare to dye.
In vain the help of Phyſic you implore,
Art has been try'd, but Art can do no more.

Wit

With this the angry Patient rais'd his head.
And Doctor, do you then conclude me dead?
Peace, you grave Sot, elſewhere your Cant beſtow,
I'll bury half the College e're I go.
And ſpite of that learn'd Phyz, & reverend Beard,
Will live to ſee your Raſcalſhip interr'd.
Thus he ran on, and as his Stars decreed,
Was ſoon from his unkind diſtemper freed;
Left his vain gaping Kindred in the lurch,
And ſaw the Velvet Fop born decently to Church.

To the ſame, upon his Play's being damn'd, for having too much eating and drinking in it.

FRiend *Harry*, ſome furious pretenders to (thinking,
Say thy Play is encumbred with eating & drinking
That too oft in all Conſcience thy Tables brought (out,
And unmerciful healths fly like Hail-ſhot about.

Such a merry objection who e're could expect
That does on the Town, & its pleaſures reflect?
Are a diſh & a bottle grown quite out of faſhion?
Or have the ſpruce Beaux found a new recreation?
Elſe why ſhou'd theſe Fops be ſo monſtrous un-
(civil
As to damn at a Play, what they like at the *Devil*?

Upon perſecuting it with Cat-calls.

WHen to *Molock* of old, by way of oblation
Any Jew of his Son made a wicked do-
nation,
The Preiſthood with Trumpets and Drums made
a noiſe
To ſtifle his groans, and extinguiſh his cries.
Thus our fierce modern Heroes, thoſe Jews o
(the pit
When to damn a poor Authors atttempt they
(think fit,
With Cat-calls ſo dreadful the houſe they alarm
That the wit of the Play ſhou'd their fury diſarm.

How-

However they may paſs with the reſt of the nation,
Tho their malice I blame, I commend their diſcretion.
For 'tis but convenient you'll readily own,
That the Beaſt ſhou'd perform, what the Man (wou'd diſown.

The extravagant Lover, out of *French* 1684.

1.

HOw quickly are Love's pleaſures gone!
How ſoon are all its mighty Triumphs done!
In vain alas! do we the Banquet taſte,
Whoſe ſweets are ſwift as thought are paſt.
In vain do we renew the fight,
Whom ev'n the firſt alarms do baſely put to flight.

2.

Happy great *Jove*! who in *Alcmena*'s arms,
For three full nights enjoy'd Love's charms,

Nature turn'd Bawd, her Monarch to obey,
And pimping darkneſs ſhut out day,
Whilſt in vaſt joys the half-ſpent God did ſweat,
Joys as his lightning fierce, & as his Godhead great.

3.

Bravely the Game begun! Oh had it mounted (higher,
Fed ſtill with vig'orous thought, & freſh deſire.
Were I but *Jove*, my boundleſs reign ſhould prove
But one continu'd Scene of Love.
In extaſies would I diſſolving lye,
As long as all the mighty round of vaſt eternity.

A Tranſlation of *Teucer Salamina, Patremq; Cum fugeret*, &c. Hor. Ode vii. lib. 1.

1.

BRave *Teucer*, (as the Poets tell us)
When from his native Clime he fled,
With Poplar wreaths crown'd his triumphant head
And thus he cheer'd his drooping fellows.

2. When

2.

Where e're the Fates ſhall ſhew us land,
(Remote and diſtant tho it be)
We'll ſhape our courſe at their command,
And boldly fix as they decree.

3.

Let no wild fears your hopes betray,
Let no deſpair your Courage pall,
When Heav'n ſo loudly does to honour call,
And fearleſs *Teucer* leads the way.

4.

Phœbus foretold (and he of all the powers
Commands the myſtic Books of fate)
That freſh ſucceſs ſhou'd on our actions wait,
And a new *Salamis* be ours.

5.

Then drink away this puling ſorrow,
Let Wine each daſtard thought ſubdue,
Let Wine your fainting hopes renew,
We'll leave the drowſie Land, and plough the Main to morrow.

Ode ix. Lib. 1. in *Horace* imitated.

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum, &c.
Written in the year, 1685.

To Sir *John Bowyer.*

1.

SInce the Hills all around us do penance in Snow,
And Winters cold blasts have benumm'd us below;
Since the Rivers chain'd up, flow with the same speed
As Prisoners advance towards the Psalm that can't read,
Throw whole Oaks at a time, nay, Groves on the fire,
They shall be our Sobriety's funeral pyre.

2.

Never wast the dull time in impertinent thinking,
But urge & pursue the great business of drinking;
Come pierce your old Hogsheads, ne'r stint us in Sherry,
This this is the season to drink and be merry:
Then

Then reviv'd by our Liquor, and Billets together,
We'll out-roar the loud ſtorms, and defy the cold weather.

3.

Damn your *Gadbury*, *Partridge* & *Salmon* together
What a puling diſcourſe have we here of the weather.
Nay, no more of that buſineſs, but, Friend, as you love us,
Leave it all to the care of the good folks above us.
Your Orchards and Groves will be ſhatter'd no more,
If, to huſh the rough winds, they forbid them to roar.

4.

Send a Bumper about, and ceaſe this debate
Of the tricks of the Court, & deſigns of the State.
Whether *Brandon*, or *Offly*, or *Booth* go to pot,
Ne'r trouble your Brains, let 'em take their owu lot,
Thank the Gods you can ſafely ſit under your Vine,
And enjoy your old friends, and drink off your own Wine.

5. While

5.

While your Appetite's ſtrong, and good humor remains,
And active freſh blood does enliven your veins,
Improve the fleet minutes in ſcenes of delight,
Let your Friend have the day, and your Miſtreſs the night.
In the dark you may try whether *Phyllis* is kind,
The night for Intreaguing was ever deſign'd.

6.

Tho ſhe runs from your arms, & retires in the ſhade
Some friendly kind ſign will betray the coy Maid;
All trembling you'll find the modeſt poor ſinner,
'Tis a venial treſpaſs in a beginner:
But remember this counſel, when once you have met her,
Get a Ring from the Nymph, or ſomething that's better.

An

An Imitation of the 6th Ode in *Horace*, l. 1. *Scriberis vario fortis, & hoſtium* --- In the year, 1685. after the defeat of the Rebels in the Weſt.

1.

Waller, in never-dying Verſe,
Your glorious Triumphs may rehearſe;
His lofty Muſe for Panegyric fam'd,
May ſing the Rebel-herd your valour tam'd.
And all the mighty Bleſſings ſhow
Great *James*, and We to your wiſe conduct owe.

2.

My unambitious Lyre tunes all her ſtrings,
To lower numbers, lower things;
And Gods, and God-like Heroes does refuſe,
The labour of a more exalted Muſe.
Had ſhe endeavour'd to relate
Great *Alexander*'s deeds, or *Troy*'s unhappy fate,
Or all the wonders that by *Drake* were done,
Who travell'd with the Stars, and journey'd with the Sun,

As

As long a ſpace had the vain labour held,
As that fam'd Town the *Grecian* force repell'd.
As long had ſhe the tireſom work renew'd,
As mighty *Drake* thro unknown Seas his wondrous Courſe purſu'd.

3.

The humble Muſe too well her weakneſs knows,
Nor on her feeble ſelf, dares the high Task impoſe.
Tho had not Heav'n the Power deny'd,
No other Theme had all her Thoughts employ'd.
'Tis hence ſhe modeſtly declines to ſing,
The immortal Triumphs of our war-like King,
Leſt her unequal ſlender vein
Shou'd leſſen the great Actions of his glorious reign.

4.

Who can with all his boaſted fancy raiſe,
To its juſt height Heroic *Arthurs* praiſe,
Or worthily recount the Trophies won
By our great *Edward*, and his greater Son?

But

But oh what Muſe of all the Tribe below
Can mighty *Mars* in equal numbers ſhow,
Horrid in ſteel, and moving from afar,
With all the ſolemn pageantry of War,
Tho the rough God ſhou'd his own Bard inſpire,
And join the Martial heat to the Poetic fire.

5.

Harmleſs Combats, harmleſs Wars,
Slender Scratches, petty Jars,
Which youthful Blood, and wanton Love,
Amongſt our amorous Couples move,
Employ my time, employ my muſe,
All all other ſubjects I refuſe.

Prologue ſpoken before the Univerſity of *Oxford*, 1683.

WHen *Greece* o'rewhelm'd in the wide Deluge lay,
And all the Land was one continu'd Sea,
The Muſes Hill ſecure and lofty ſtood,
Above the vain attempts of the inſulting flood.
There

There good Deucalion first saluted Land,
Put in his Boat, and touch'd the happy Strand.
So when wild Faction all our Land alarm'd,
Our Land by the prevailing Jugglers charm'd.
When pregnant with dire seeds the Clouds did rise,
Presaging Civil Tempests in our Skies.
Here Godlike *Charles* did a safe harbour win,
Here laugh'd at all the threats of daring sin,
And shunn'd the popular Deluge as it came rowling in.
With you no perjur'd Bog-trotters were found,
With Meal-tub Plots, & Armies under-ground,
Rogues, that wou'd damn themselves for half a Crown:
Rogues, that for one poor draught of middling Beer
Wou'd hang a Parish, and for Tripe a Shire.
Tis true, some few you had, but Traytors come
Here to receive, not to deserve their doom.

So

So Paradice the Serpent gain'd at firſt,
Enter'd the bleſt Abodes, but ſtrait he was accurſt.
This is your happineſs:
But we are ſtill alarm'd with ſenſeleſs noiſe,
Guildhall Elections, and leud frantick crys.
Tir'd with dull Managers of duller Plots,
And free-born Slaves, and *Magna-Charta* Sots.
Oh wou'd the Town a pattern take from you,
Whom the worſt times ſtill found to *Cæſar* true.
Diſcords wou'd ceaſe, ill-natur'd jars retire,
And every Muſe in *Charles*'s praiſe conſpire.
Peace with her Train wou'd guard our Halcyon ſhore,
And *Britain* envy *Saturn*'s Age no more.

EPILOGUE.

NOt with more grief the Whiggiſh herd beheld
Their Plots diſcover'd, their Intrigues reveal'd,
And all their Godly Villanies run down;
Than now we feel, to leave your happy Town.
Now

Now muſt our Tribe, ſince we depart from you,
Shake hands with Learning, and bid Wit adieu:
With doggrel Rimes the ſtupid rout appeaſe,
And murder *Engliſh* perfectly to pleaſe.
So ſome to get an Alms a lameneſs feign,
And by pretended halting pity gain.
When to ſome Town our ſtrowling Troops repair
Leave's to be granted by the worthy Mayor:
He with his numerous Train firſt takes his ſeat,
Below his Scarlet Brethren fill the Pit.
Then ev'n our Women muſt leſs gay appear,
Leave Painting off, leſt they ſhoud ſeem more fair
Than the pale Daughter of the Reverend Mayor.
If we in acting, as our part requires,
Swear by the Gods, and all the heavenly fires,
The Sot pricks up a wondrous pair of ears,
My zeal no longer ſuch profaneneſs bears,
Twelvepence for every Oath your Hero ſwears.

Wit

Wit here, triumphant, bears an ample ſway,
And the bright Metal ſhines without allay;
Nothing is here condemn'd for being good,
Nor talk we Nonſence to be underſtood.
But tho your Learning the whole Iſle inſpires,
Your Townſmen warm not by the neighbringfires,
Born in the happy place, where Wit does rule,
They keep their natural right of being dull.
So the rude Nations, where with greateſt light
The reveal'd Truth was firſt expos'd to ſight,
By no rewards, no miracles reclaim'd,
Wou'd ev'n in ſpight of Providence be damn'd.
Howe're our Courtiers do their fate diſpoſe,
Dullneſs the *Charter* is they'll never loſe.

An Imitation of a *French* Ode, in the ingenious Monſieur *St. Evremont's* Works. *Tome* 2.

1.

WEll, whate're ſins by turns have ſway'd me,
Ambition never rul'd my heart;
Its lewd pretences ne're betray'd me
In public Ills to act a part.
Let others, fame and wealth purſuing,
Deſpiſe a man but ſafe retreat,
I'll ne're contrive my own undoing,
Nor ſtoop ſo low as to be great.

2.

The faithleſs *Court*, the penſive *Change*,
What ſolid pleaſures can they give?
Oh let me in the Country range!
'Tis there we breathe, 'tis there we live.

3. The

3.

The beauteous Scene of aged Mountains,
Smiling Vallies, murmuring Fountains,
Lambs in flowry Paſtures bleating,
Eccho our complaints repeating.
Bees with buſy ſounds delighting,
Groves to gentle ſleep inviting.
Whiſp'ring winds the Poplars courting,
Swains in ruſtic circles ſporting;
Birds in cheerful notes expreſſing
Natures bounty, and their bleſſing.
Theſe afford a laſting pleaſure,
Without guilt, and without meaſure.

To a Gentleman that cut off his hair, and ſet up for a Spark in his old Age. Out of *Martial.* Epig. 43. lib. 3. *Mentiris Juvenem*, &c.

THou that not many months ago
Waſt white as Swan, or driven Snow,

Now blacker far than *Æſop*'s Crow,
Thanks to thy Wig, ſet'ſt up for Beau.
Faith *Harry*, thou'rt in the wrong box,
Old Age theſe vain endeavours mocks,
And time that knows thou 'ſt hoary locks,
Will pluck thy Mask off with a pox.

Part of the 2d Ode in *Horace* l. 4. Tranſlated. Beginning at *Dignum laude Virum.*

1.

FRom dark oblivion, and the ſilent grave,
Th indulgent Muſe does the brave Hero ſave
'Tis ſhe forbids his name to die,
And brings it to the Stars, & ſticks it in the Sky.

2.

Thus mighty *Hercules* did move,
To the Eternal Palaces above:
Not all his twelve exploits advanc'd him to the ſphere,
But 'twas the Poet's pain and labour brought him there.

3. Thus

3.

Thus the fam'd *Spartan* Twins did riſe,
From Ornaments of Earth to gild the Skies.
Tho Heav'n by turns they do obtain,
Yet in immortal Verſe, the Brothers jointly reign.

4.

And *Bacchus* too, for all his vain pretence,
Borrow'd his Crown and Godhead hence:
He with his powerful juice firſt taught the Muſe to fly,
And ſhe in kind requital gave him immortality.

Henrico Higden Arm.
Cum infœliciter ipſi Comœdia ceſſerit.
1693.

QUod inquieta voce, riſu, ſibilis,
Saleſq; comptos & innoxios jocos,
Superba *Bruti* turba ſic exceperit.
Quod purpuratus Infans, & vecors Eques,

Summoq; Meretrix in ſubſellio ſedens,
Totuſq; delicatulorum circulus,
In te, tuumq; conjuraverint opus.
Nolito in iras irritas erumpere,
Damnare Muſas, increpare Apollinem,
Cæloſq; votis improbis laceſſere.
Quin, Drama tandem luce donans publica,
Inviſis orbem, quin timoris inſcius,
Vanas Maligniorum deſpicis minas?
Abunde damnum ſic reſarcies prius,
Famæq; conſules; Lector dabit libens
Quod improbus ſpectator abnegaverat.

On the Treatment of the Modern Drama. By Mr *Kn*---of *Magd.* Coll.

ONce Bear and Champion did engage
In mortal fray on *Roman* Stage:
Our Moderns have reviv'd the matter,
The former Age renew'd in latter,
And made Bear-garden of Theatre.

Here

Here Beau, the only Modiſh Brute,
With honeſt Authors does diſpute:
And as on *Roman* Stage predicted,
Fell wound on Champion was inflicted,
When ſtout *Bruino* kept his ſtation,
Invoking Brother Conſtellation
To aſſiſt him in the diſputation:
To curry poor Heroic hide well,
And harrow carcaſs, back and ſide well;
But tho he got a bloody rump on't,
His Honour ſtill came off Triumphant.
So tho the Pit Grimalkins, that maul
With wicked Serenade of Catcall,
Oft rout a poor Dramatic Hero,
(As *Teague* was once by *lero, lero.*)
A well-writ Play, like Ruffians treat,
Confound the Scene, and Plot defeat,
In ſpite of all the Dammee Chorus,
Th' immortal Wit is ſtill victorious.

I then, in perſon of an Author,
Since good Dramatics have no growth here,
Like pious Felons doom'd to be
Made Pendulum for Gallow-tree;
That gives advice, leſt ſinful Mortal,
Like him his days in Hemp ſhould curtail,
Adviſe you all to leave off Writing,
The mortal ſin of well enditing.
But if no counſel can be uſed
By riming wretch when once be-muſed,
(For Crown and Bum there's ſuch a curſe in,
They're ne're at eaſe, but when untruſſing)
Since wholſom Salt of Author ſeaſon'd,
To taſte of Nation is unpleaſant,
(When buſie Noddle's next in labour,
And has a need to purge on Paper)
Invoke the baſtard race of *Phœbus*,
Skill'd in Acroſtic, Pun, and Rebus,

With

With ſpirit of late *Marriage-hater*,
T' aſſiſt to make Lampoon on Nature,
And ev'n on Farce itſelf a Satyr;
For that alone gives titillation,
And ſaves poor Poet from damnation.

An Imitation of *Uxor vade foras.* In *Mart.* l. ii. *Ep.* 105. By Capt. *Ht*----

SWeet Spouſe, you muſt preſently troop and be gone,
Or fairly ſubmit to your betters,
Unleſs for the faults that are paſt, you atone,
I muſt knock off my Conjugal-Fetters.

2.

When at night I am paying the tribute of Love,
You know well enough what's my meaning,
You ſcorn to aſſiſt my devotion, or move,
As if all the while you were dreaming.

3.

At Cribbage and Put, and All Fours I have ſeen
A Porter more paſſion expreſſing,

Than

Than thou, wicked *Kate*, in the rapturous ſcene,
And the heighth of the amorous bleſſing.

4.

Then ſay I to my ſelf, is my Wife made of Stone,
Or does the old Serpent poſſeſs her;
Better motion and vigor by far might be ſhown
By dull Spouſe of a *German* Profeſſor?

5.

So *Kate* take advice, and reform in good time,
And while I'm performing my duty
Come in for your Club, and repent of the crime
Of paying all ſcores with your Beauty.

6.

All day thou mayſt cant, and look grave as a Nun,
And run after *Burgeſs* the ſurly;
Or ſee that the Family buſineſs be done,
And chide all thy Servants demurely.

7. But

7.

But when you're in Bed with your Maſter & King,
That tales out of School ne'r does trumpet,
Move, riggle, heave, pant, clip me round like a Ring,
In ſhort, be as lewd as a Strumpet.

An Imitation of the 14th Epode in *Hor*

1.

ASk me no longer dear Sir *John*,
Why your Lampoon lies ſtill undone,
'Fore *George* my Brain's grown addle,
Nor bid me *Pegaſus* beſtride,
Why ſhould you ask a Sot to ride,
That cannot keep his ſaddle.

2.

This was the poor *Anacreon*'s caſe,
When doting on a ſmooth chinn'd face
He pin'd away his carcaſs.

To

To tune his ſtrings the Bard eſſay'd.
The Devil a ſtring the Bard obey'd,
And was not this a hard caſe?

3.

If you a conſtant Miſs have got,
Thank heaven devoutly for your lot,
Such bleſſings are not common.
While I, condemn'd to endleſs pain,
Muſt tamely drag *Belinda*'s chain
Yet know ſhe's worſe than—Woman.

A tranſlation of Ode xxii. lib. i. *Vitas Hinnuleo.*

1.

WHy flies *Belinda* from my arms,
Or ſhuns my kind embrace,
Why does ſhe hide her blooming charms,
And where I come forſake the place.

2.

Like ſome poor Fawn whom every breath
Of air does ſo ſurprize,

In

In the leaſt wind he fancies death
And pants at each approaching noiſe.

3.

Alas! I never meant thee ill,
Nor ſeek I to devour thee,
VVhy ſhouldſt thou then with coldneſs kill
The dying ſlave that does adore thee.

4.

Leave, leave thy Mothers arms for ſhame,
Nor fondly hang about her,
Thou'rt now of age to play the game,
And eaſe a Lover's pain without her.

A Tranſlation of Ode iii. L. 1. in *Horace Sic te Diva potens*, &c. Addreſs'd to his Honour'd Friend Mr. *B*-- going into *Turky*.

1.

SO may the Beauteous Goddeſs of the Main
Appeaſe the horrors of the Deep,

And

And *Æolus* lock all his bluſtring train,
But the auſpicious Weſtern Gales aſleep.

2.

And thou, kind Veſſel, which before this day
So great a charge coud'ſt never boaſt,
With care my dearer, better part convey,
And land him ſafely on the *Thracian* Coaſt.

3.

His fearleſs heart immur'd with triple Braſs
The daring Mortal ſurely wore,
Who firſt the faithleſs Main durſt paſs,
And in a treacherous Bark new Worlds explore.

4.

What ſcenes of Death cou'd ſhake his Soul
That unconcern'd ſaw the wild Billows riſe,
And ſcaly Monſters on the ſurface rowl,
And whizzing Meteors paint the gloomy Skies.

5. In

5.

In vain wiſe Heav'ns indulgent care
Lands from the ſpacious Ocean did divide,
If with expanded Sails bold Ships prepare
To plow the deep, and brave the ſwelling Tide.

6.

But Man, that buſie reaſoning Tool,
Cheap happineſs diſdains to chuſe,
Sick of his eaſe, the reſtleſs fool,
At his own coſt forbidden paths purſues.

7.

From the refulgent Orb of day
A glitt'ring Spark the raſh *Prometheus* ſtole,
And fondly ſtampt into a Soul,
T'inform his new-made Progeny of Clay.

8.

Strait to reward his Sacrilegious Theft,
Fevers and Ills, unknown before,

Their

Their old infernal Manſions left,
And thro the ſickning air their baleful poyſons bore.

9.

Then Death, that lately travell'd ſlow,
Content with ſingle Victims, where he came,
Made haſte, and eager of his Game,
Whole Nations lopp'd at one compendious blow.

10.

To what fantaſtic heights does Man aſpire,
Doom'd to dull Earth, the Sot wou'd clamber higher;
Heav'n he invades with impudent pretence,
And makes *Jove* thunder in his own defence.

An Imitation of an Epigram 44. in *Mart.* lib. iii.

Occurrit tibi nemo quod libenter, &c.

THat Couſins, Friends, and Strangers fly thee,
Nay, thy own Siſter can't ſit nigh thee;
That all men thy acquaintance ſhun,
And into holes and corners run,
Like *Iriſh* Beau from *Engliſh* Dun:
The reaſon's plain, and if thou'dſt know it,
Thou'rt a moſt damn'd repeating Poet.
Not Bayliff ſowr, with horrid Beard,
Is more in poor *Alſatia* fear'd,
Since the ſtern Parliament of late
Has ſtript of ancient rights their State:
Not Tygers, when their Whelps are miſſing;
Nor Serpents in the Sun-ſhine hiſſing;
Nor Snake in tail that carries rattle;
Nor Fire, nor Plague, nor Blood, nor Battle,

Is half ſo dreaded by the throng
As thy vile perſecuting Tongue.
If e're the reſtleſs Clack that's in it
Gives thy Head leave to think a minute,
Think what a pennance we muſt bear
Thy damn'd impertinence to hear.
Whether I ſtand, or run, or ſit,
Thou ſtill art i'th' repeating fit:
Weary'd I ſeek a nap to take,
But thy curſt Muſe keeps me awake.
At Church too, when the Organ's blowing,
Thy louder pipe is ſtill a going.
Nor Park, nor Bagnio's from thee free,
All places are alike to thee.
Learn Wiſdom once, at a Friend's inſtance,
From the two Fellows at St. *Dunſtan's*,
Make not each man thou meet'ſt a Martyr,
But ſtrike like them but once a quarter.

SONG.

SONG, By Mr. *Gl*----

1.

Phyllis has a gentle heart,
Willing to the Lovers courting,
Wanton nature, all the Art
To direct her in her ſporting.
In th' embrace, the look, the kiſs,
All is real inclination;
No falſe raptures in the bliſs,
No feign'd ſighings in the paſſion.

2.

But oh! who the Charms can ſpeak,
Who the thouſand ways of toying,
When ſhe does the Lover make
All a God in her enjoying?
Who the Limbs that round him move,
And conſtrain him to her bliſſes,
Who the Eyes that ſwim in love,
Or the Lips that ſuck in kiſſes?

3.

Oh the freaks! when mad ſhe grows,
Raves all wild with the poſſeſſing,
Oh the ſilent Trance! which ſhows
The delight above expreſſing.
Every way ſhe does engage,
Idly talking, ſpeechleſs lying,
She tranſports me with the rage,
And ſhe kills me in her dying.

On Dr. *Lower*, who was obſerved to be grown good-natur'd a little before his Death. By another hand.

HAd not good humour o're the ill prevail'd,
Death in attempting Dr. *Lower* had fail'd;
For he, alas, good man, in health declin'd,
By changing the bad manners of his mind:
And 's very Underſtanding got a Cough,
By leaving an old habit too ſoon off.

For

For had he kept his humour moſt auſtere,
He might have yet liv'd with us many a year,
Preſerv'd in his own pickle, Vinegar:
But when the *Alkali* had kill'd the ſowr,
His blood being ſweeten'd, off troopt Dr. *Lower.*

Verſes put into a Lady's Prayer-book.

Suppoſed to be written by the late Earl of *Rocheſter.*

1.

FLing this uſeleſs Book away,
And preſume no more to pray;
Heaven is juſt, and can beſtow
Mercy on none but thoſe that mercy ſhow.
With a proud heart, maliciouſly inclin'd,
Not to increaſe, but to ſubdue mankind;
In vain you vex the Gods with your Petition,
Without repentance, and ſincere contrition,
You're in a Reprobate condition.

2.

Phyllis, to calm the angry powers,
And ſave my Soul as well as yours,
Relieve poor Mortals from deſpair,
And juſtifie the Gods that made you fair.
And in thoſe bright and charming Eyes
Let pity firſt appear, then love,
That we by eaſie ſteps may move
Thro all the joys on earth to thoſe above.

The Fable of the Horſe and the Stag. By Mr. *S*----

1.

THe Horn-arm'd Stag deny'd the Horſe
The privilege of the Common,
Till ſtarv'd, for want of equal force,
He begg'd aſſiſtance from Man.

2.

For why? reſolv'd at any rate
To get his ſhare of Paſture;

He

He rather choſe to champ the Bit,
Than leave the Stag ſole maſter.

3.

With Man aſtride he march'd to fight
A foe that durſt not face him,
For he with ſtrangeneſs of the ſight
Was frighted from his grazing.

4.

Nor had Sir *Palfry* much to brag
He got by this adventure,
Since Man, from routing of the Stag,
Commenc'd perpetual Centaur.

A Tranſlation of *Lesbia mi dicit ſemper male.* Out of *Catullus.*

1.

EAch moment of the long-liv'd day
Lesbia for me does backwards pray,
And rails at me ſincerely;
Yet I dare pawn my life, my eyes,

My ſoul, and all that Mortals prize,
That *Lesbia* loves me dearly.

2.

Why ſhou'd you thus conclude, you'll ſay,
Faith 'tis my own beloved way,
And thus I hourly prove her;
Yet let me all thoſe curſes ſhare
That heav'n can give, or man can bear,
If I don't ſtrangely love her.

On one *Becker*, a Parſon of *Amſterdam*, who in a Book entitled, *The World Bewitch'd*, pretends to prove there is but one Devil.

PLures O Beckere negas dum Dæmonas eſſe,
Contra te gens eſt imperioſa tua.

Thus in *Engliſh.*

More Devils than one why does the Sot deny?
All *Holland* gives his argument the lye.

The

The Fable of the Wolf and Porcupine.

In anſwer to

The Argument againſt a Standing Army.

1.

Sgrim with hunger preſt, one day
As through the Woods he poſted,
A Porcupine found on the way,
And in theſe terms accoſted.

2.

Our Wars are ended, heav'n be prais'd,
Then let's ſit down and prattle
Of Towns inveſted, Sieges rais'd,
And what we did in Battle.

3.

The Plains a pleaſing proſpect yield,
No fire, nor deſolation;
While plenty reigns in every field,
And Trade reſtores the Nation.

4. Yet

4.

Yet you your Quills erected wear,
And tho none ſeeks to harm ye,
In time of Peace about you bear
Methinks a Standing Army.

5.

Friend, quoth the Porcupine, 'tis true,
The War's at length decided,
But 'gainſt ſuch tricking Blades as you
'Tis good to be provided.

6.

Cenſorious Fame ſhall never ſay
That too much Faith betray'd me;
Who thinks of me to make a prey,
Muſt at his coſt invade me.

7.

Let him, that thinks it worth the while,
Tempt Knaves to make a Martyr,
The Sharpers that wou'd me beguile,
Shall find they've caught a Tartar.

The

The Fable of *Apollo* and *Daphne.*

1.

Apollo once finding fair *Daphne* alone,
Diſcover'd his flame in a paſſionate tone;
He told her, and bound it with many a curſe,
He was ready to take her for better, for worſe.
Then he talk'd of his ſmart,
And the hole in his heart,
So large, one might drive thro the paſſage a Cart.
But the ſilly coy Maid, to the Gods great amazement,
Sprung away from his arms, and leapt thro the Caſement.

2.

He following cry'd out, my Life and my Dear,
Return to your Lover, and lay by your fear.
You think me perhaps ſome Scoundrel, or Whoreſon,
Alas, I've no wicked deſigns on your perſon.

I'm

I'm a God by my trade,
Young, plump, and well-made,
Then let me careſs thee, and be not afraid.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the wind,
While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

3.

I'm the Chief of Phyſicians, & none of the College
Muſt be mention'd with me for experience and knowledge:
EachHerb, Flower, and Plant by its name I can call,
And do more than the beſt SeventhSon of 'em all.
VVith my Powders and Pills,
I cure all the ills,
That ſweep off ſuch numbers each week in the Bills.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the wind,
While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

4.

Beſides I'm a Poet, Child, into the bargain,
And top all the Writers of fam'd *Convent-garden*.

I'm

I'm the prop of the Stage, and the pattern of Wit,
I ſet my own Sonnets, and ſing to my Kit.
I'm at *Wills* all the day,
And each night at the Play ;
And Verſes I make faſt as Hops, as they ſay.
When ſhe heard him talk thus, ſhe redoubled her ſpeed,
And flew like a Whore from a Cunſtable freed.

7.

Now had our wiſe Lover (but Lovers are blind)
In the language of *Lumbard-ſtreet* told her his mind,
Look Lady what here is, 'tis plenty of Money,
Odsbobs I muſt ſwinge thee, my joy & my honey.
I ſit next the Chair,
And ſhall ſhortly be Mayor,
Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can compare.
Tho as wrinkled as *Priam*, deform'd as the Devil,
The God had ſucceeded, the Nymph had been civil.

Labie.

Labienus's Speech in *Lucan*s *Pharſalia*. Tranſlated by Mr. *Dennis*.

FUll of the Godhead in his Breaſt inſhrin'd,
He in theſe words explains his mighty mind;
Words which oraculous *Jove* might dictate to mankind.

And what ſhould I of theſe vain Prieſts inquire,
If I ſhou'd rather thus in Arms expire,
With theſe high thoughts, & this unconquer'd fire,
Than live inglorioufly to hail a King,
And my great Soul to vile Subjection bring?
What ſhou'd I ask, if nothing be in Death,
And nothing in this idle vapour, Breath?
If the Good only be ſupremely great,
Of Fortune independant, and of Fate?
If the brave Patriot's glorious in diſtreſs,
And Tyrants deſpicable in ſucceſs?
If in magnanimous attempts to fail
Merits renown, as much as to prevail.

This

This ſhou'd I ask? all this I know, I feel:
And how ſhou'd *Hammon* inborn truths reveal?
Why ſhou'd the Powers their ſacred Wills explain,
Since all we do, ſay, think, thoſe Powers ordain,
Our wills are link'd to theirs by Fate's eternal Chain.

God wants not men his meaning to convey,
But in one breath ſaid all that he can ſay;
In that informingbreath that kindled up our Clay.
Nor wou'd he build in barren Sands his ſeat,
That he to Fools ill Verſes might repeat,
And hide eternal truths in this obſcure retreat.
To *Jove* what certain ſeat can be conſign'd?
Where can the World's great Ruler be confin'd?
This Univerſal Frame's the ſeat of that Eternal Mind.

Why ſhou'd we ſeek him in this myſtic Grove,
Where-ever eye can reach, where-ever thought can rove,

Sub-

Subſtance and ſpace is all unbounded *Jove.*
Let thoſe who live in doubt (a fooliſh ſtate)
Conſult theſe mighty Confidents of fate,
Her irreverſible decrees my conſtancy create.
Alike the Coward and the Brave muſt fall,
This mighty *Jove* has once declar'd for all,
And theſe inſpiring ſounds to *Roman* actions call.

The 63d Epigram in *Martial*, [Lib. 3. Tranſlated by Mr. *P*----

Cotile Bellus homo es, &c.

OH *Jemmy* you're a Beau, not I alone
Say this, but 'tis the talk of all the Town.
Prithee be free, and to thy friend impart
What is a Beau——Ay Sir, with all my heart.
He's one who nicely curls and combs his hair,
And viſits *Sedgwick* monthly all the year:
Sings bawdy Songs, and humms them as along
Flanting he walks thro the admiring throng.

All

All the day long ſits with the charming fair,
And whiſpers pretty ſtories in their ear.
Writes *Billets doux*, ſhuns all men as he goes,
Leſt their unhallow'd touch ſhou'd dawb his cloaths.
He knows your Miſtreſs. Nay, at every Feaſt
He'll tell the Pedigree of every Gueſt.
Is this a Beau? Faith *Jemmy* I'll be plain,
A Beau's a Bawble, deſtitute of Brain.

To an old affected Court Lady.
By a perſon of Honour.

1.

TEll me, *Dorinda*, why ſo gay?
Why this Embroidery, Fringe and Lace?
Such Ornaments expoſe decay;
Cannot *Dukelly* find a way
To ſhade the ruines of thy face?

2.

Wilt thou ſtill ogle in the Box,
And glitter in the ring?
Haſt thou forget thy age, and pox?
Can all the ſpoils of Shells and Rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

3.

So have I ſeen in Larder dark,
Of Pork a rotten Loyn,
Adorn'd with many a heatleſs ſpark,
As grave Philoſophers remark,
At once both ſtink and ſhine.

To *Belinda*. Upon her Marrying one that was Blind and Lame.

By a perſon of Honour.

1.

Belinda's ſparkling Wit and Eyes
United, dart ſo fierce a light,

As

As quickly flaſhes, quickly dyes,
Wounds not the heart, but hurts the ſight.

2.

Love is all gentleneſs and joy,
Smooth are his looks, and ſoft his pace;
Her *Cupid* is a Black-guard Boy,
That runs his Link full in your face.

3.

Proud with the ſpoils of Royal Cully,
With vain pretence to ſenſe and parts,
She ſwaggers like a batter'd Bully,
To try the temper of mens hearts.

4.

Her Bed is like the Goſpel-feaſt,
Where the invited never came;
So, diſappointed of her Gueſt,
She takes up with the Blind and Lame.

5.

Tho ſhe's as ſparkling, and as fine
As Jeſts, and Gems, and Paint can make her,
She ne're can wound a heart like mine,
So Devil, and Sir *D*— take her.

To his Cruel Miſtreſs. Out of *French.*

1.

'Tis then decreed, and now I find
I'm for a Sacrifice deſign'd;
Since my imperious Fair denies
Reſt to my Soul, and ſlumber to my Eyes.

2.

Got ake a Kiſs, Love whiſpers in my ear;
But love, alas! gives way to fear.
Awful reſpect the aſpiring flame commands,
Tyes up my tongue, and binds my hands.

3.

Ah! muſt your bleeding Lover dye,
And ſee his balm, and ſee his cure ſo nigh?

Or

Or fierce, and eager of the bliſs,
Shall he preſume to ſeize a balmy Kiſs.

4.

No——he'll ten thouſand deaths endure,
And all the rigours of his fate attend,
E're he'll by Sacriledge attempt his cure,
And his dear *Bellamette* offend.

An Ode upon a Kiſs. Out of *French.*

1.

NAy, now ambitious thoughts farewel,
I pity Kings in all their ſtate,
While thus in *Lesbia*'s arms I dwell,
And mighty Love does on my Triumphs wait.

2.

Thus let me languiſhing expire,
Incircled in her ſnowy arms,
Till ſhe revives me with her charms,
And pours into my breaſt a nobler fire.

3.

Thus let me ſigh my Soul away,
And revel in immortal bliſs,
Thus let me ſpend th' auſpicious day,
And crown each ſmiling moment with a Kiſs.

4.

Adonis ne're was half ſo bleſt,
Nor half the pleaſure ſhar'd, as I:
Tho Love's bright Goddeſs him careſt,
And in her arms hugg'd the delicious Boy.

5.

Nor *Jove* himſelf ſuch tranſports knew,
When *Danae*'s charms the captive God did hold,
Tho he, the pleaſure to purſue,
Mortgag'd his poor Almightyſhip to Gold.

6.

A thouſand Loves in ſolemn ſtate
On thoſe two roſie lips reſide,
While buſie I, with eager pride,
Sip all their ſweets, and bleſs my happy fate.

7. Now

7.

Now on her glowing Breaſts I range,
Now kiſs her Cheeks, and now her Eyes;
The pleaſure's heighten'd by the change,
And fills me with unruly joys.

8.

But ah! my Beauteous Nymph beware
How you encreaſe my ſtore,
For elſe your pamper'd Slave may dare,
Drunk as he is with joy, to preſs for ſomething more.

9.

For ſay, fond Lovers, what you will
To deifie a Kiſs,
Tis but a pledge, or Prologue ſtill,
To the ſucceeding Acts of Bliſs.

A Sapphic Ode in the *Valesiana.*

DUlcius quam sit putat esse mollis
Virgo quod nescit, sitis inde magna
Cognitæ nondum Veneris puellas
Torquet aduktas.
At recordantur Viduæ peractas
Cum viris noctes, sitis inde major
Cognitæ dudum Veneris priores
Suscitat ignes.
Virgini ignosci, Viduæne malis?
Illa quod nescit cupit experiri
Hæc quod experta est, avet: inde Virgo
Æquius ardet.

A Tranſlation.

Principio, Cœlum, & Terras, Titaniaq; aſtra
Spiritus intus alit, totumq; infuſa per artus
Mens *agitat molem*-----

I'Ll ſing how God, the world's almighty Mind,
Thro all infus'd, and to that All confin'd;
Directs the parts, and with an equal hand
Supports the whole, enjoying his command:
How all agree, and how the parts have made
Strict Leagues, ſubſiſting by each others aid.
How all by Reaſon move, becauſe one Soul
Lives in the parts, diffuſing thro the whole.
For did not all the friendly parts conſpire
To make one whole, and keep the Frame entire;
And did not Reaſon guide, and Sence controul
The vaſt ſtupendious Machine of the whole;
Earth wou'd not keep its place, the Skies woud fall,
And univerſal ſtiffneſs deaden all.

Stars

Stars wou'd not whirl their round, nor day nor night
Their courſe perform, but ſtop their uſual flight.
Rains wou'd not feed the Fields, and Earth deny
Miſts to the Clouds, and Vapours to the Sky.
Seas wou'd not fill the Springs, nor Springs return
Their grateful Tribute from their flowing Urn.
Nor wou'd the All, unleſs contriv'd by Art,
So juſtly be proportion'd in each part;
That neither Seas, nor Skies, nor Stars exceed
Our wants, nor are too ſcanty for our need.
Thus ſtands the Frame, and the Almighty Soul
Thro all diffus'd, ſo turns, and guides the whole,
That nothing from its ſettled ſtation ſwerves,
And Motion alters not the Frame, but ſtill preſerves,
This God, or Reaſon, which the Orbs does move,
Makes things below depend on ſigns above:
Tho far remov'd, tho hid in ſhades of night,
And ſcarce to be deſcry'd by their own light.

Yet

Yet Nations own, and men their influence feel,
They rule the public, and the private will:
The proofs are plain. Thus from a different Star
We find a fruitful, or a barren year;
Now grains increaſe, and now refuſe to grow,
Now quickly ripen, now their growth is ſlow.
The Moon commands the Seas; ſhe drives the Main
To paſs the Shores, then drives it back again.
And this Sedition chiefly ſweells the ſtreams,
When oppoſite ſhe views her Brother's beams;
Or when ſhe near in cloſe Conjunction rides,
She rears the Flouds, and ſwells the flowing Tides;
Or when attending on the yearly race,
The Equinoctial ſees her borrow'd face.
Her power ſinks deep, it ſearches all the Main,
Teſtaceous fiſh, as ſhe her light regains,
Increaſe, and ſtill diminiſh in her wane.
For as the Moon in deepeſt darkneſs mourns,
Then rays receives, & points her borrow'd horns,

Then

Then turns her face, and with a ſmile invites
The full effuſions of her Brother's Lights,
They to her Changes due proportions keep,
And ſhow her various Phaſes in the deep.

So Brutes, whom Nature did in ſport create,
Ignorant of themſelves, and of their fate,
A ſecret inſtinct ſtill erects their Eyes
To parent Heav'n, and ſeems to make them wiſe.
One at the New Moon's riſe to diſtant ſhores
Retires, his body ſprinkles, and adores.
Some ſee ſtorms gathering, or ſerenes foretel,
And ſcarce our Reaſon guides us half ſo well.

Then who can doubt that Man, the glorious Pride
Of all, is nearer to the Stars ally'd?
Nature in Mans capacious Soul has wrought,
And given them Voice expreſſive of their thought.
In Man the God deſcends, and joys to find
The narrow Image of his greater mind.

But why ſhould all the other Arts be ſhown?
Too various for productions of our own.
Why ſhou'd I ſing how different tempers fall,
And inequality is ſeen in all?
How many ſtrive with equal care to gain
The higheſt prize, and yet how few obtain?
Which proves not Matter ſways, but Wiſdom rules
And meaſures out the bigneſs of our Souls.
Sure Fate ſtands fixt, nor can its Laws decay,
'Tis Heaven's to rule, and Matter's eſſence to obey.
Who cou'd know Heaven, unleſs that Heav'n beſtowd
The knowledge? or find God, but part of God?
How cou'd the ſpace Immenſe be e're confin'd
Within the compaſs of a narrow mind?
How cou'd the Skies, the Dances of the Stars,
Their motions adverſe, and eternal wars,
Unleſs kind Nature in our Breaſts had wrought
Proportion'd Souls, be ſubject to our thought?

Were

Were Heaven not aiding to advance our mind,
To know Fate's Laws, and teach the way to find;
Did not the Skies their kindred Souls improve,
Direct, and lead them thro the Maze above,
Diſcover Nature, ſhew its ſecret ſprings,
And tell the ſacred intercourſe of things.
How impious were our ſearch, how bold our courſe,
Thus to aſſault, and take the Skies by force.
A moſt convincing Reaſon's drawn from Senſe,
That this vaſt Frame is mov'd by Providence,
Which like the Soul does every whirl advance,
It muſt be God, nor was it made by chance,
As *Epicurus* dreamt: He madly thought
This beauteous Frame of heedleſs Atoms wrought.
That Seas and Earth, the Stars and ſpacious Air,
Which forms new Worlds, or does the old repair,

Firſt roſe from theſe, and ſtill ſupply'd remain,
And all muſt be, when Chance ſhall break the Chain
Diſſolv'd to theſe wild Principles again.
Abſurd and Nonſence! Atheiſt uſe thine Eyes,
And having view'd the order of the Skies,
Think, if thou canſt, that Matter blindly hurl'd,
Without a Guide, ſhou'd frame this wondrous World.
But did Chance make, and Chance ſtill rule the whole,
Why do the Signs in conſtant order rowl?
Obſerve ſet times to ſhut and open day?
Nor meet, nor juſtle, and miſtake their way?
Perform their Courſe, as if by Laws confin'd,
None haſten on, and leave the reſt behind.
Why every day does the diſcovering flame
Show the ſame World, and leave it ſtill the ſame?
And ev'n at night, when time in ſecret flies,
And veils himſelf in ſhades from human Eyes,
Can by the ſigns Men know how faſt he fled,
And in the Skies the haſty Minutes read?

Why

Why ſhou'd I count how oft the Earth has mourn'd
The Sun's retreat, and ſmil'd when he return'd?
How oft he does his various courſe divide
'Twixt Winter's Nakedneſs, and Summer's Pride?
All Mortal things muſt change. The fruitful Plain,
As ſeaſons turn, ſcarce knows herſelf again;
Such various forms ſhe bears: Large Empires too
Put off their former face, and take a new:
Yet ſafe the world, and free from change does laſt,
No years encreaſe it, and no years can waſte.
Its courſe it urges on, and keeps its frame,
And ſtill will be, becauſe 'twas ſtill the ſame.
It ſtands ſecure from time's devouring Rage,
For 'tis a *God* that guides, nor can it change with Age.

Let-

Miſcellaneous Letters.

LETTER I.

A Letter to the Duke of *Buckingham*, by the famous Monſieur *St. Evremont. Oevres Melees*, Tome Sec. p. 51.

Done into *Engliſh.*

My Lord,

AN humble Servant of yours here in Town, Monſieur *Borne* by name, is ſo fully ſatisfied of the reality of your Reformation, that he expreſſes himſelf in theſe terms to all that have the honour to know you.

I dare venture my own Salvation upon the ſame bottom with that of the Duke of *Buckingham*, ſo firmly do I believe the ſincerity of his Converſion.

Converſion, ſays Mr. *Waller* to him, have a care what you ſay: People don't uſe to be con-

verted now adays ſo eaſily. This new reformation you talk of in the D. of *Buckingham* is owing neither to you, nor me, nor yet to any man living.

'Tis a new Friend of his, but one that has been dead, the Lord knows how many hundred years ago, that has very lately brought about this miraculous change that ſo ſurprizes us.

I mean *Petronius Arbiter*, the moſt delicate man of his age, for Poetry, Painting, and Muſic. One that perpetually ſtudied and purſued pleaſure, one that turn'd the day into night, and the night into the day. but at the ſame time ſo abſolute a Maſter of himſelf, that whenever his affairs requird it, he was one of the moſt regular men in the Univerſe.

The Duke of *Buckingham*, who has long ago reſembled him in a thouſand other qualities, was reſolved of late to imitate him too in this. Thus I have ſhown you, Monſieur *Borne*, from whence proceeds this alteration in his Grace's Life, which you it ſeems have miſtaken for a Converſion.

But with both theſe Gentlemens leave, I ſhall account for it after another manner.

'Tis a certain Maxim with me, that no man of a nice palat can love vice, when once it ceaſes to be agreeable, ſo for my part I don't wonder that a perſon of ſo refin'd and delicate a taſte, as your Grace, takes up with the virtue of Continence in the North, where you have no objects

objects to tempt and diſturb you. But I dare engage that if we had you here in Town, and ſhowed you ſome of our topping Beauties, that have charms enough to conquer the moſt inſenſible, we ſhou'd ſoon find the new Convert of Monſieur *Borne*, and Mr. *Waller*'s new *Petronius*, to be nothing in the World, but the true genuine Duke of *Buckingham*.

Heaven forbid that I ſhould ever be ſo wickedly given as to diſſwade your Grace from ſo comfortable a quarter as Love. But I have another Sin to propoſe to you, which of your ſelf you wou'd never gueſs, and yet I recommend it ſincerely to you, and from the bottom of my heart. I confeſs it has a Scurvy name, and the World calls it *Covetouſneſs*, however it would be of more advantage to your Grace, than the Wiſdom of Philoſophers, and the glory of Conquerors. To be ſhort, I ſhould rather chuſe to ſee your Grace copy any of the Heroes in *Lumbardſtreet*, than either *Socrates* or *Cæſar*. Where the difficulty is great, the merit of ſurmounting it is great. Now all the World knows that your Grace will find it infinitely more troubleſome to you to imitate the former, than the two latter Gentlemen.

As we don't all on the ſudden arrive to the heighth of perfection, I am not ſo vain as to expect you ſhould practiſe all the rules of Oeconomy at firſt ſight, nor ſo moroſe as to adviſe

you to deny your ſelf every thing, amongſt ſo great an affluence as ſurrounds you. All I begg of your Grace is, that you wou'd have a watchful eye upon your City friends, that have the fingering of your Money, to keep them honeſt in ſpite of themſelves. For unleſs out of tenderneſs to their Souls, you hinder them from playing the Knaves, I dare ſwear for them that they wou'd venture damnation a hundred times a day, and all in your Graces ſervice.

And now if you think it worth your while, when you come next to *London*, to bring a ſmall retinue with you, but a great deal of money in your pocket, you will certainly be the wonder of the whole Nation. If you neglect this advice, the greater part of the World will never be for you, and you muſt content your ſelf with a few admirers in private, of whom I ſhall always be the firſt, who am

Your moſt Humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER II.

A Letter to the Dutcheſs of ------

By the ſame hand.

I Have preſumed, Madam, to ſend you ſome advice, tho I am ſenſible how little you Ladies care to receive any. But let the effect be what it will, I am too much in the intereſt of your Beauty, not to inform you, that you'll injure it extreamly, ſhould you be ſo ill-adviſed as to ſet off, and adorn your ſelf after the faſhion of the Court Ladies on the Queens Birthday. Let others of your Sex make uſe of ornaments: for, properly ſpeaking, they are but ſo many artificial helps, which we employ to cover the defects of nature, or elſe to give us ſome agreements that are wanting in our perſons. But Heaven be praiſed, Madam, you lye under no ſuch neceſſity. Every ornament that is beſtowed upon you, hides a charm, as every ornament that is taken from you, reſtores you ſome new graces, and you are never ſo lovely, as when we behold nothing in you, but your ſelf.

The greateſt part of the Ladies loſe themſelve very advantageouſly under their dreſs. How many indifferent faces paſs well enough with Jewels and Diamonds, and Conquer hearts by Candle-light, that wou'd make a very ſorry figure without them The richeſt Necklace in the World wou'd have an ill effect upon you. It wou'd make ſome alteration in your perſon, and every alteration that happens to a perfect Beauty, wou'd certainly be for the worſe.

Leave others then to ruin themſelves by their Jewels and other Decorations; nature that has been at ſo vaſt an expence to frame you, has ſaved you that charge You, Madam, wou'd be very ingrateful, and we ſhou'd diſcover but a wretched taſte, ſhou'd we not be equally content, with that profuſion of gifts ſhe has heaped upon you.

I wou'd counſel you, Madam, to take the ſame meaſures on her Majeſties Birth day, which the famous *Buſſi d' Amboiſe* formerly obſerved at a Tournament. Being informed before-hand that all the Noblemen of the Court deſigned to put themſelves to an extraordinary expence in their Equipages and Cloaths, he ordered thoſe of his retinue to be dreſt like Lords, and appeared himſelf in the plaineſt dreſs in the World at the head of ſo rich a train. The advantages of nature were ſo conſpicuous in the perſon of *Buſſi*, that he alone was taken for a great Lord, and the other Noblemen, that relyed ſo much upon the

the magnificence of their habits, paſt but for Valets.

Govern your ſelf, I beſeech you Madam, by the Example of *Ruſſi*: Let your Women be attired like Dutcheſſes, but as for your ſelf appear in the ordinary dreſs of a Country Nymph, with nothing but the charms of your Beauty to recommend you: All the Ladies will be taken for your Women, and the plainneſs of your habit will not hinder you from out-ſhining all the Queens in the Univerſe.

I have no great inclination to tell ſtories, which perhaps is nothing but the effect of an ill-grounded Vanity, that makes me prefer the expreſſing of what I imagine, to the reciting of what I have ſeen. The profeſſion of a Story-teller ſits but awkwardly upon young People, and is downright weakneſs in old men. When our wit is not arrived to its due vigor, or when it begins to decline, we then take a pleaſure in telling what does not put us to any great expence of thought. However, I will for once renounce the pleaſure, which I generally take in my own imagination, to recount to you a ſhort adventure, which I once ſaw happen at the *Hague*.

During my reſidence in that place, ſome malicious *Dæmon*, put it one day into the head of a certain Count and his Friend, to draw the eyes of the Spectators after them. To put which

noble deſign in execution, they both reſolved that their dreſs ſhould have all the magnificence which this part of the World was able to give it, and at the ſame time diſcover the goodneſs of their invention.

The Count, who was one of the niceſt men of his age, had a thouſand ſingularities to diſtinguiſh him. He had a Plume of Feathers in his Hat, which was buttoned up by a Diamond, the largeſt that cou'd be found, for this occaſion. He wore about his Neck ſome Point *de Veniſe*, which was neither a Cravat nor a Band. 'Twas a ſmall Ruff, which had ſerv'd him formerly inſtead of a *Golille* when he liv'd at *Madrid*. After this, Madam, you wou'd expect to find him in a Doublet, after the *Spaniſh* manner, but, to your ſurprize, I muſt tell you it was an *Hungarian* Veſt. Then the Ghoſt of Antiquity haunted his memory, ſo he cover'd his ankles with Buskins, but infinitely richer than the ancient *Romans* uſed to wear them: on which he had order'd his Miſtreſſes name to be written in Letters that were extremely well deſign'd, upon an embroidery of Pearls.

From his Hat down to his Veſt, 'twas all ſingular, and odd and fanciful. By the latter you wou'd have taken him for the Count *de Serini*, or ſome Beau of Quality dropt out of the *Hungarian* world; and an old Picture of *Cæſar* or *Scipio* had inſpir'd him with the noble thought of wearing Buskins.

As

As for his friend, he had apparell'd himſelf after as extraordinary a manner as he poſſibly cou'd, but it was in the modern *French* way. His Cravat reached down to his middle, and had ſtuff enough in it to make a ſail for a Barge. A moſt prodigious Cravat-String peep'd from under his Chin, the two corners of which, in conjunction with a monſtrous Perriwig, that wou'd have made a *Laplander* ſweat under the Northern Pole, eclipſed three quarters of his face. In ſhort, he was ſo be-ribbon'd all over, that one would have thought all the Milleners in the place, had joyned their Stocks to furniſh him.

This, in ſhort, was the equipage of our *Meſſieurs*, when they made their appearance in the *Voorhout*, which is the place where perſons of Quality uſe to take the air, and divert themſelves.

They were ſcarce enter'd upon the ſpot, when multitudes ran from all hands to gaze and ſtare at them; and as every body was ſurprized at ſo fantaſtic a ſcene, they cou'd not tell at firſt whether to admire it as extraordinary, or to ridicule it as extravagant. In this uncertainty of thought, as they were going to determine it one way or another, Monſieur *de Louvigni* arrived in the place, and put a ſtop to their grave Contemplation. He wore a plain black ſuit, and clean linnen made up the reſt, but then he ſhowed one of the fineſt ſhapes, and moſt agreeable

able face that can be imagin'd. His modeſt deportment ſilently inſinuated the merits of all his excellent qualities. Having thus deſcribed his charms to you, 'tis no difficult matter to gueſs how the Company receiv'd him. The Ladies were touch'd, and the Men were infinitely pleaſed. In ſhort, Madam, all the Spectators were as much affected, as the poor Count and his Friends were mortified, to their great diſappointment.

People ſtill remember at the *Hague* how triumphantly Monſieur *de Louvigni* came off, and ſtill make ſport with telling the ill ſucceſs of the two aforeſaid Gentlemen.

I need not give my ſelf the trouble, Madam, to make a formal Application of this ſtory to you, who have a judgment ſo exquſitely nice and diſcerning. Let my advice meet with what entertainment it will, none of your ſubjects prays ſo heartily for your long and happy reign over us, as

Madam,

Your moſt humble Servant, &c.

LET-

LETTER III.

To Madam ------

By the ſame hand.

AS nothing is ſo honourable as an ancient friendſhip, ſo nothing is ſo ſcandalous as an old paſſion. Undeceive your ſelf, Madam, of the falſe merit of being faithful, and take it for a certain truth, that conſtancy is the only thing in the World, that can bring the reputation of your Beauty in queſtion. Who knows whether you reſolved to love but one perſon, or whether it was your unhappineſs ro find but one ſingle Lover. Malicious people will be apt to fancy the latter.

You vainly imagine that you practiſe a virtue, while alaſs you make us ſuſpect you have defects which we don't perceive. In the mean time conſider how many inquietudes accompany this pretended virtue, and what a vaſt difference there is between the diſguſts that an old engagement gives us, and the pleaſant conflicts of a growing paſſion.

In

In a new Amour we paſs every hour of the day with new ſatisfaction. 'Tis an unexpreſſible pleaſure to find that our love grows upon us every minute; but in a paſſion of an old ſtanding, our time is ſpent very uneaſily, in ſtill loving leſs, or not loving at all.

We may live well enough with perſons that are indifferent to us; either common civility, or good manners, or the conſideration that they may ſometimes be ſerviceable to us, may reconcile us to it. But how miſerably do we paſs our lives with them whom we love, when we find that we are not beloved again.

I have only four words more to ſay to you, and I will be ſo free with you as to deſire you to make ſome reflection upon them. If you continue ſtill to place your affection upon that, which ought to diſpleaſe you, 'tis a ſign you have none of the beſt taſtes: and if you have not reſolution enough, to quit that which makes you uneaſy, 'tis a downright weakneſs: you ought to put it into your Litany, and pray to be delivered from it.

LET-

LETTER IV.

Out of the Reflections of Monſieur *Villiers*, *p.* 149.

To his much eſteem'd friend, Monſieur ------

I Remember, that the laſt time I had the honor of your converſation, we happened to talk of ſeveral perſons that made a great oſtentation of of their piety, and paſſed for Saints in the places where they lived, who as we had juſt occaſion to ſuſpect, by their over-acting the Farce, were downright Cheats, if truly examined. I was going to confirm this with a ſtory, that lately fell within my own obſervation; but happen'd to be interrupted by the coming in of freſh company, which put a ſtop to the diſcourſe. However, as it is worth your knowing, I have given my ſelf the trouble to ſend you a full account of it in this Letter.

About a month ago I had occaſion to travel into the Country with two Ladies, one of them a young

young Marchioneſs, deſcended of one of the nobleſt Families in the Kingdom; the other a Lawyers Widow, about fifty years old, who took the ſame title upon her, tho the meanneſs of her extraction, and her Husbands employment, that was none of the moſt honourable, might have ſecur'd her, one would have thought, from ſo ridiculous a temptation. But being left very rich, her own Vanity, and the complaiſance of her Friends had made her a Marchioneſs, and this was the title ſhe receiv'd on all occaſions, and at laſt challeng'd as her due.

I had but little acquaintance with either of them, but I was engaged in this journey by a friend, whoſe commands I cou'd not well diſobey, and who knew both theſe Ladies perfectly well.

We were going to the Government of the young Marchioneſs's Husband, where ſhe was expected, and preparations were made on the Road for her reception; the old Marchioneſs travelling only as her Companion, however ſhe had her ſhare of all the Honours and Civilities that were paid to the other. At the firſt City where we arrived, as ſoon as we had alighted out of the Coach, the young Marchioneſs was invited to a very pleaſant walk without the Town, and it being Summer time, ſhe embraced the motion: but the old Lady taking an air of authority upon her, ſaid it wou'd be much better to go to Church, and hear a good Sermon there. The young Marchioneſs told her, ſhe might

might go thither if ſhe pleaſed, while ſhe took a walk. This anſwer cruelly nettled the Widow, but ſhe diſſembled the matter as well as ſhe cou'd, and taking the next way to the Church, ſhe deſired me to bear her company thither. Altho this fit of Devotion ſeem'd ſomewhat unſeaſonable to me, yet good manners wou'd not ſuffer me to let her walk alone. So with her I went, and all the way had the ſatisfaction to hear her vent her godly ſpleen very plentifully at the young Marchioneſs; ſhe told me a hundred reproachful ſtories of her, nay, ſhe did not forbear to cenſure even her conduct. This language continu'd till ſhe came into the Church-porch. I admir'd with my ſelf how it was poſſible for ſo zealous a Sermon-hunter to be ſo damnably cenſorious.

All the while ſhe was at Church ſhe made up her mouth as demurely as the beſt of the Congregation; as ſoon as it was over, ſhe re-aſſumed the old argument, and rail'd on, as faſt as her malicious Lungs would give her leave, till we came to the young Marchioneſs, who was ſtill walking in the Garden. I had there an opportunity to diſcourſe the young Lady in private, and to ſatisfy my ſelf whether there had been any former quarrel between them, turn'd the converſation upon the old Marchioneſs, of whom ſhe ſpoke in very obliging terms, and did not ſay the leaſt Syllable of her that was diſreſpectful. I then made no difficulty to conclude that this formal Hypocrite,

that

that was perpetually diſgorging broken ends of Sermons, and pelting every body that came near her with Texts of Scripture, was nothing near ſo virtuous at bottom as the young Lady, who kept her Devotion to her ſelf; and I made a thouſand Obſervations during this ſhort journey, that fully confirm'd me in this opinion.

The young Marchioneſs, who, as I told you before, made no great noiſe or buſtle about her Religion, ſpent but half an hour at her *Toilette*, and always got ready one of the firſt for her Journey.

The old Lady ſpent no leſs than three hours in tricking herſelf, and made the Company perpetually tarry for her.

Our Religious Dame, for all her pretences to mortification, thought it no ſin to patch and paint herſelf: The Marchioneſs, content with her face ſuch as Heaven made it, ſcorn'd to have recourſe to ſuch artifices.

The former muſt always have her Gellies, and Broaths, and Caudles, and the Lord knows what, brought to her before ſhe wou'd venture her carcaſs out of Bed: the latter never thought of eating till the very moment before ſhe went into her Coach.

The young Lady was always in good humour, ſpoke well of every body, was ſatisfied with every thing, and carefully avoided all the compliments and honours that were done her, in a Country, where ſhe was Miſtreſs.

On

On the other hand, the old Marchioneſs, who was a perfect Stranger in it, not only took every occaſion to receive them, but was always complaining, that ſhe had not reſpect enough paid her. The Beds were never good enough for her, the Dinner never pleaſed her, the Servants were always ſawcy or negligent, the Bills unreaſonable, the Coachman either drove too faſt or too ſlow: Still ſhe found one opportunity or another to vent her pious indignation. No body's name cou'd be mentioned to her, but ſtill ſhe found ſomething to blame in their Conduct. Then ſhe was the moſt imperious Devil alive to her Servants, none of her Women ever lived a full fortnight with her. In ſhort, ſhe was eternally railing, cenſuring, and back-biting, but ſtill ſhe did it with a godly air, and in the language of the Old Teſtament.

If any one now ſhou'd ask me the queſtion, which of theſe two I thought to have the moſt Religion, I ſhou'd immediately declare my ſelf in favour of the young Marchioneſs, and yet to ſee how partially the World judges of Perſons, the young Lady paſſes by common conſent for a Woman that is wholly devoted to the World, and the other is univerſally taken for a Saint.

Thus you ſee how eaſily the World is impoſed upon, by a fair outſide, and glittering appearances. 'Tis true your perſons of ſenſe ſee through theſe thin diſguiſes, and are ſenſible of the cheat, but where you meet one of that character, you find

ten thouſand Fools that always aſſiſt to deceive themſelves. A man of true Piety, that has no deſigns to carry on, like one of an eſtabliſhed fortune, always make the leaſt Noiſe. One never pulls out his Money, the other never talks of Religion, but when there's occaſion for it.

This puts me in mind of a paſſage that happen'd t'other day. I made a viſit one afternoon to Madam * * * where I found ſeveral City Ladies of the firſt magnitude. After a great deal of fooliſh Chat about the duty of Husbands, and the infidelity of the Men, ſome body in the room, by what accident I have now forgot, trump't up *Sylvius*'s name, who you know is a man of great merit, and has the happineſs to be well received by the fair Sex; Says a ſtarched piece of formality, I wonder how he comes to make ſo many Conqueſts, but for my part, tho he ſighed a whole age at my Feet, I am ſure I ſhould never loſe a moments repoſe for him. I don't know the Gentleman, replys another Lady, but if he is what the World repreſents him, I dare not anſwer to my heart, that I cou'd maintain it long againſt him. This latter ſpoke her Sentiments honeſtly, and without reſerve, whereas the other was a diſſembling Coquette that had buried two Husbands, and was looking out for a third, and if warmly attacqu'd, wou'd, I dare anſwer for her, ſwallow a temptation without making wry Faces, as readily as an Uſurer does an Orphan.

But

But tho a good reaſon may be given why we have ſo many Hypocrites in Religion, when they make their fortunes by it; I cou'd never comprehend the myſtery, that the generality of the World ſhou'd be ſuch Aſſes to value themſelves for things that are apparently falſe.

Lucius is the Grandſon of a Chimney-ſweeper, all the World knows it, and yet the Sot values himſelf in all Companies upon his noble extraction, everlaſtingly talks of the ſervices which his Anceſtors have done the publick. Yet, ſays a Gentleman to him one day, finding him upon this Strain, the publick is oblig'd to your Anceſtors; if it had not been for them *Paris* had been in danger of burning more than once.

Stentor is one of the vileſt preachers that ever murder'd a Text. He has nothing but his lungs and impudence to recommend him. He had never learning enough at the Colledge to get him a Degree, nor reputation enough in the City to get twenty Auditors together to ſit with him thro-out, yet in all his Sermons this inſect quotes Fathers and Councels, with as much aſſurance as if he knew them, and talks of nothing but the vaſt multitudes that flock from all quarters to hear him.

Æmelia is an antiquated Maid, cenſorious and deform'd, ſhe has often bribed Midwives and Perſons, to proclaim her for a great fortune, and twenty times given money to be join'd in a Lampoon, with twenty Sparks one after another, to

try if ſomething wou'd come on't. But after all her intriguing ſhe cou'd never yet find any one Cully enough to marry her. Yet ſhe perpetually tells every one ſhe ſees, what advantageous matches ſhe has refuſed in her time, ſuch a Lords languiſh'd, and ſuch a Knight run mad for her. And if you'll believe Captain *Buff*, the King has not diſpos'd of the Government of a Fort theſe twenty years, but he has had the firſt offer of it.

But I forget I am writing a Letter, and have launched into an Eſſay: Therefore I will end abruptly here, rather than treſpaſs any longer upon your patience, and only beg leave to add that I am

Your moſt Humble Servant.

LETTER V.

A onſolatory Letter to Mr. *H*---

SIR,

I Am none of the beſt comforters in the world; however, yours is ſo common and eaſie a caſe, that any one may ſet up for a Doctor, and pretend to preſcribe Remedies for it. You ſend me word you are a Cuckold, and deſire my advice

vice upon the matter: why is this a time to complain of Cuckoldom. You ought to have reconciled your ſelf to that point long ago, before you ventur'd into the Holy State, and not to mortify with the thought on't now, when you can't help your ſelf. A Soldier ſhould conſider before he liſts himſelf, how he can bear the loſs of an arm or leg; if he meets with an unlucky ſhot, 'tis but the chance of War, and if he comes off in a whole skin 'tis more than he cou'd expect, and Providence uſed him better than he deſerv'd. The Oracle in *Rablais*, to which you are no ſtranger, long ago declar'd, that every married man either has been, or is, or will be a Cuckold, and cou'd you ever hope to elude an Oracle? For my part, 'tis no more than what I expected to hear of you every poſt: you have been long jealous of your Wife, and now it comes home to you, for jealouſy does as naturally ripen into Cuckoldom, as a Catterpillar into a horned Inſect call'd a Butterfly. However, you have got this by the bargain, that it has cured you, God be thanked, of your jealouſy, which is one of the worſt tormenters a man can have; and who would not bear with a ſawcy Companion to get rid of the Devil. But after all, what you complain of is no diſgrace, you ſhare it in common with the *Cæſars* and *Pompeys*, and moſt of the Heroes of former Ages, and with the *N*——— and *M*——— of this, beſides an infinite number of Dukes, Marquiſſes,

Earls, Biſhops, Knights, Aldermen, Deans, Archdeacons, Heads and Governors of Colledges and Halls; and who wou'd regret to be joyn'd in ſo good a Company?

But *your Family's diſhonour'd*, and ſo perhaps it has been twenty times ſince the Conqueſt. I told you before I had no extraordinary hand at comforting. A thouſand other Families have been ſubject to the ſame calamity, and why you ſhould expect to fare better than your Neighbours, I don't underſtand. *But if I had deſerved it from my Wife.* Why ſo much the better ſtill: Other people uſe to comfort themſelves in their misfortunes, by reflecting upon their innocence, and why ſhould not you? If your Wife has a fancy to go to the Devil let her ne're loſe her longing: rather than that ſhou'd happen, do by her as *Charles* the fifth is ſaid to do by a flying Enemy, build her a Bridge to go thither.

Well, but *what would you have me do?* you ſay *Job*, and *Plutarch* and *Seneca*, have been ſo often preſcrib'd to people in your condition, that I won't offer them to you. My advice is then, that you'd come to Town as ſoon as you can, and take a Lodging in *Cheapſide* or near *Whitehall*, and there I'll paſs my word for't you'll be thought no monſter: tho you unmannerly folks in the Country ſtare at a Cuckold, as much as here we do at a Kings Evidence juſt after a new Plot, yet *London*'s a civil place, and we think him no prodigy

digy here. But if your affairs won't give you leave to come to Town, my next advice is, to retalliate upon your Neighbours, plant Cuckoldom as thick as you can in your Hundred; and for that end get in with the Aunts, the Nurſes, and Midwives; but above all, ſecure the Church, and get the Clergy on your ſide. When your numbers are grown pretty conſiderable, make a deſcent into the next Hundred, and ſo on, till you have made the whole County of a piece. When you have effected this, you'll be above the reach of ſcandal, your multitudes will protect you, and then you'll live as comfortably, as we do here in *London*. But *what ſhall I do with my Wife?* I have already told you; Build her a Bridge, and loſe no time. I am,

Your Loving Couſin,

A. P.

LETTER VI.

To *W. K.* Eſq;

Jan. 22.

Dear Sir,

'TIs a ſign I am never weary of keeping a correſpondence with you, ſince I can afford to do it at this terrible juncture, when the Ink friezes as I write: But you muſt expect nothing elſe from me but what you would hear in every Coffee-houſe, were you in Town, and that is, to be entertain'd about the Froſt. The common people here are of opinion, that the Northern Monarch, who has done us the honour of a viſit, has brought his own Country Weather along with him, and they confirm it with a very good inſtance; for they remember that when the *Morocco* Ambaſſador was here, we had the hotteſt Summer that ever was known. Thus, according to theſe merry Philoſophers, every Foreigner that comes to ſee us, takes care, like *Nicholas* in the *Virtuoſo*, to bottle up ſome of the Air of his own Climate, and retails it among us here. It

It has been a general complaint, that all the Seaſons but winter have been of late inverted. Mr. *Flamſted* you know has pretended that the Sun has been out of order this good while, and a friend of yours, who loves dearly to ſit up a nights, being asked what was the reaſon that he never ſaw him, replied, that he cou'd not endure to ſee ſick folks. 'Tis no wonder that he can do no more in *January*, ſince for eight years laſt paſt, he has not been ſcarce able to maintain his Summer Quarters, and Winter has had the impudence to bully him even in his own Dog-days. Indeed, if he decays in proportion to what he has done of late, the Lord have mercy, ſay I, on Dr. *Burnet*'s Hypotheſis of the *Charter-houſe*, for he'll be no more able to cauſe a general conflagration, than old *Parr* was to get a Baſtard in the hundred and fifty ſecond year of his age.

But to leave off theſe metaphyſical contemplations— If this ſevere Seaſon laſts many days longer, it will as effectually try the orthodoxy of peoples conſtitution, as the new A——concerning K. *J*— will ſhew who is *Stanch* to the Government, and who not. We uſed to ſay in the late Reign, that if Popery proved to be long-lived, 'twould ſoon be found who were in the intereſts of the Whore of *Babylon*. But this froſt, I conceive, will make truer and juſter diſcoveries; for a man, if he's wickedly inclin'd, may play a thouſand tricks with his faith and no body be

the

the wiſer; but the Devil is in him if ſuch ſearching Weather (which penetrates deeper than the Inquiſition) does not extort very unlucky confeſſions from his Carcaſs, eſpecially if in his younger days he ſtudied natural Philoſophy in *Covent Garden.* I can't tell how it fares with you in the Country, but here in Town Water is ſcarcer than its oppoſite Element, Fire; ſo that 'tis dreaded by ſome underſtanding perſons, that a ſtop will be put to Bap——m for ſome time, unleſs the C——y can get *Moſes*'s Miracle of ſtriking Water out of a Rock, or unleſs the C——ch will diſpence with the uſe of *Aqua-vitæ* in that caſe, as ſome will tell you they do in *Norway*, where at this time of the year Water is as great a rarity, as truth is at *W*——— and moſt of the Courts in Chriſtendom all the year round.

A friend of mine happen'd yeſterday to be in a Tavern Kitchin near the Cuſtom-Houſe, and complaining of the cold; Lord, ſays a Sea-Captain to him, this is nothing, Sir, to what I have felt, no more, as Gad ſhall judge me, than a Tooth-picker is to the Mainmaſt of the *Britannia.* I made the North Eaſt Voyage with Captain *Wood*, and have been in a Country, Sir, where they don't bury between *Michaelmaſs* and *Lady-day.* What ſaid my friend, don't the people die all that time? Yes, a pox on them, they dye enough, but the ground is as hard as a flint, they are forced in their own defence to pile up their

their dead Folks in the Belfry, as we do Faggots in a Wood-yard, and tye pieces of paper about their Necks, for all the world, Sir, as your good Houſewives in the Country do about their Cordial Bottles, to know them again, and ſo they bury them at Spring of the year. Sir, ſays my friend to him, you ſeem to be an honeſt Gentleman, and I don't doubt but what you tell me is true; for I in my time have been a piece of a Traveller, and have paſs'd a month or two among the *Samoeids*, where it is ſo exceſſive cold, that as in *Italy* and other hot Countries, they forbid the Prieſts to preach out of the *Canticles* during *July* and *Auguſt*, for fear of putting ſome odd whimſies into the heads of the people: So here, the Patriarch of *Moſco* forbids all the Clergy, under pain of ſuſpenſion, not to make the leaſt mention of the roaſting that is uſed in the other world, leſt they ſhou'd ſet all their Congregations a longing to be there. In ſhort, Noble Captain, the Parſons take as much care to conceal the Doctrine of H—ll fire, for the reaſon above mention'd, from the poor Inhabitants of this Country, as they do the Bible from the Laity in *Spain*. The Captain graciouſly thanked my friend for his News, and ſo they parted.——

One wou'd be apt to imagin 'twas in ſuch weather as this that *David* penn'd the Pſalm, where he adviſes people to look to their ways.

The

The Streets are ſo exceſſive ſlippery, that a man runs thro half the dangers of an *Eaſt India* Voyage, in paſſing only from *Temple-bar* to the *Change* in a Coach, and if he ventures it on foot, he's obliged to walk with the ſame precaution upon the King's Highway, as your Fellows in *Bartholomew-Fair* manage themſelves upon the high Rope. For want of obſerving this direction, a Country Gentlewoman t'other day met with a ſad miſchance at the corner of *Fetter-lane*, for up flew her heels, and off came her Commode, and ſhe unluckily diſcovered a hideous breach in her Fabrick, at which two Foot-Soldiers ran away in a fright, and a grave Citizen that paſſed by was exceedingly ſcandalized. The Phyſicians and Chyrurgeons however are no loſers by this Seaſon, for what between Ptyſick and Fevers, (which really make a handſome figure in the weekly Bill) and thoſe providential Bleſſings call'd broken Arms and Legs, both profeſſions find as much employment, as Dr *Oates* will tell you the Pimps had at *White-hall* in the Reign of King C. the ſecond. Our Divines need not be over nice as to what they preach; for there is ſuch everlaſting barking in the Churches, that tho the Parſon had the lungs of twenty Trumpeters, yet 'twere impoſſible to underſtand a ſyllable he ſays. Some Ptyſicky old Gentleman leads up a Cough, his next Neighbour immediately takes the hint from him, a

third

third purſues it, and ſo the Snow-ball rowls merrily on, till at laſt the whole Congregation joyns in the Chorus, and one ſide of the Church anſwers the other as regularly and harmoniouſly, as two contending Nightingales in a Hedge, or the Vicars in the new Quire at *Pauls*. The *Thames* is in great danger of being made a Captive, and of wearing Fetters, which he generouſly endeavours to throw off every Tide; and never was ſo true an emblem as now of that noble ſpirited Iſland, of which he is the defence as well as ornament, which can never have chains put upon it of any continuance.

I am ſorry to find by your laſt that your Neighbour Mr *H*—— grows fat upon Marriage, for I don't ſee how he can anſwer it to his conſcience. Marriage is a lean, hungry, craving Soil, on which he that can batten, may raiſe an Eſtate in *Scotland*, or recover from an Ague by removing into the *Hundreds*. Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory tells us of a Biſhop that ſuſpended one of his Prieſts for no Crime, but becauſe he had a double Chin. That Prelate could not be perſwaded that his Curate preached, and prayed, and minded the buſineſs of his Pariſh, ſo long as he carried ſuch an unapoſtolical badge about him. Pray acquaint your friend Mr *H* —— with this adventure of the double Chin, and tell him from me, that neither Canon, nor Civil,

vil, nor Common Law, will juſtify him in ma king a *Sinecure* of his Wife. I am,

Your moſt humble Servant, &c.

SOME

REMARKS

UPON

MARRIAGE.

Marriage being the Port, or Haven, at which moſt of the Sons and Daughters of *Eve* deſign to touch, ſooner or latter; 'tis no wonder that People are univerſally curious, to know how this tickliſh Ceremony is performed in other Countries. We find here at home that the firſt place in the Common-Prayer Book that young Maidens generally dip in, is the Service of *Matrimony*. I once knew a raw Girl that cou'd readily make all the Reſponſes in that Office, before ſhe could Anſwer to one Queſtion in her Catechiſm. Which occaſion'd her Father, who was

was a grave old Gentleman, to wiſh that thoſe of her Sex would take as much care to prepare themſelves for their latter, as for this their firſt end, for ſo it proves to moſt of them.

It has been frequently ſaid that *Marriage* and *Hanging* go by Deſtiny, but, for my part, I am no Predeſtinarian; neither do I believe, with the reſt of the World, that *Matches* are made in Heaven, any more than I believe that all Oxen are bought and ſold there, before they come to *Smithfield* Market. But tho' I am no admirer of Deſtiny, as I ſaid before, yet I would not have any one infer from thence, that I believe there's no manner of reſemblance between *Hanging* and *Marrying*: For *Hanging*, with Reverence be it ſpoken, as well as *Marrying*, is performed by tying a Knot, which death only diſſolves, and then they agree too in this particular, (which is more ſuitable to the occaſion of the Book) that all civiliz'd Countries in the World obſerve different Faſhions in one no leſs than the other.

The Roman Catholicks make a Sacrament of *Matrimony*, and in conſequence of that Notion, ptetend it confers Grace. The Proteſtant Divines don't carry Matters ſo high, but ſay this ought to be underſtood in a qualified Senſe, and that Marriage ſo far confers Grace, as generally ſpeaking, it confers Repentance, which every body knows is a ſtep to Grace.

It

It muſt be confeſs'd on all hands, that *Marriage* is the moſt ſerious Action that a Man can engage in, and therefore we ought to think of it, as we do of our Latter End, with Fear and Trembling. For this reaſon, I cannot endure to hear people paſs their ill natur'd jeſts, upon ſo holy an Ordinance. If it is a Mans good fortune to meet with a good Wife, he ought to date his happineſs is this World from that very Moment; and if ſhe proves not as he deſires, he ought to look over the Catalogue of his Sins, and interpret it as a Viſitation, or at leaſt to take it patiently. For my part, commend me to that Gentleman, who having married a Lady of an extraordinary Capacity, never complained of his fate, nor made his Spouſe uneaſy, but honeſtly thank'd God, that now he had a hole to put his Head in.

The Ladies that read a Book call'd Marriage Ceremonies, will find ſufficient reaſon to thank Providence, that they were born in ſo good natur'd an Iſland as ours is, where the Preliminaries to Marriage are nothing near ſo moroſe and ſevere, as they are in ſome places in the World. To give an Inſtance of this, our Author of the Marriage Ceremonies tells us, *p.* 51. *among the Sabrians* (a ſort of Mungril Chriſtians, that live on the Confines of *Perſia* next *Turkey*) *the Parties meeting together at Church, the Miniſter makes the Bride ſwear before the Women, that ſhe is a Virgin.*

As

As ill an opinion as the World unjuſtly entertains of our Females, I am very well ſatisfyed that there are above Forty Thouſand Conſcientious Wives, within the Bills of Mortality, that would have loſt all, before they would have taken ſo raſh and inſnaring an Oath. How is it poſſible that a Woman ſhould poſitively ſwear to an imaginary thing, which may be loſt (the Lord knows how) between ſleeping and waking? This I am ſure of, that no Husband was ever a jot the ſecurer, for preſcribing Arbitrary and Unlawful Oaths.

Yet as great a hardſhip as this may ſeem to be, it is nothing in compariſon, of what hardſhips are practis'd in ſome Countries, even after the Nuptial Ceremonies are performed. Thus we find in the ſaid Book *p.* 42. *that among the Greeks, if the Women find in the Bed the next day any ſigns of a loſt Virginity, they make a great Feaſt; but when that is wanting, they ſay nothing, the Bridegroom ſending back the Bride to her Relations and Friends.* The ſame inhuman Cuſtom, is likewiſe obſerv'd by the *Perſians*, as the Reader may ſee, *p.* 64. *by the* Moors *of the* Morocco, *p.* 73. *the Inhabitants of the Kingdom of* Fez, *p.* 75. *by thoſe of* Algiers *and* Tunis *p.* 79, *by the* Spaniards *who retain this Cuſtom from the* Moors, *p.* 22. *and lately by the* Jews *in* Barbary. As for the latter I don't wonder at it, to find ſuch an uſage among them, becauſe they were ſtiff-necked people,

that was always demanding Signs, and Tokens; nor among Infidels and *Mahometans*; but that any Chriſtians, that are happily freed from the Levitical Bondage, ſhould ſtill hanker after the old ſuperſtitious Leaven, is matter of the greateſt aſtoniſhment to me. I cannot but reflect with horrour, how many Ladies in *England* that now live comfortably with their Husbands, and are bleſſed with a numerous iſſue, had been Shamefully diſcarded and ſent home, if ever ſuch an unrighteous Faſhion as this had got footing among us. It ſeems to argue a great deal of Cruelty in the Men, that they ſhou'd reliſh no pleaſure but what comes at the expence of their deareſt Conſorts. But it is my daily Prayer, that Providence will protect the Freeborn Women of *England*, from ſuch bloody minded Husbands.

But tho' the greateſt part of the World, are ſo extravagantly fond of Virginity, yet we find there are ſome People that have other Notions of things. Our ſaid Author *p.* 88. accquaints us, *that when one of* Conchin *Marries, whoſoever he is, he may not lie with his Bride the firſt Night, but is obliged to give her to a* Bramino, *who lies with her, and that they believe this to be a favour and a good Omen.* I hope their Pariſhes in this Country are not of a large extent, otherwiſe the Prieſt has more Work upon his Hands, than he will go through with, unleſs he keeps a Curate

or

or two to relieve him, when Marriages come in thick. The holders forth of our Conventicles, affect to be thought great pains-takers, and really deſerve the name, for their Bands will teſtify for them both in the Dog-days, and out of the Dog-days, that they Sweat exceedingly. But, Alas, what is this, if conſidered in the ſame Scales with the drudgery, that theſe Prieſts undergo in their Miniſtry. I have often wonder'd that the Popiſh Clergy that ſtand up ſo ſtiffly for the divine Right of Firſt-fruits, don't Troop in ſhoals to this Kingdom, when they Voluntarily pay ſuch an extraordinary Tribute to the Church.

'Tis obſervable, that in moſt Countries of the World this Ceremony is perform'd by the Prieſthood, who, if they equally pretended to the power of *Looſing*, as they do to that of *Tying*, they would have more Buſineſs upon their hands than they cou'd well diſpenſe with. Only in *Turkey* married People are joined together by the *Cadey*, or Civil Magiſtrate, and here in *England* in *Oliver*'s time by a Juſtice of Peace; the Reaſon alledg'd for it then was, that none was ſo well qualified to Marry others as he, who, by his Office was Impower'd to lay People by the heels, and put them into the Stocks.

As I have already taken Notice, *Virginity* is reckon'd ſo Eſſential to *Marriage* in ſeveral Countries, that the poor Bride is Inhumanly diſmiſs'd,

and ſent home to her Relations, if ſhe be found defective in that particular; but, in this Author, we ſhall find, that all the world is not of this humour, in *Pegu*, of the Marriage Ceremonies, p. 96. *the King, and thoſe of the greateſt Quality, lye not the firſt night with their Wives, but admit others and pay them bountifully, that will give themſelves the trouble.* With all due reſpect to our Women be it ſpoken, I humbly conceive that one half, at leaſt, of the married Men in this Kingdom, if they would ſpeak their minds freely, muſt do their Wives this Juſtice, as to own that they ſav'd them this Porters drudgery, as a Monarch (not inferiour to *Solomon* for Wiſdom) rightly call'd it. Our Neighbours of *Scotland*, before they came to be civiliz'd, uſed to lie the firſt night with the Bride, their Vaſſal, but now they have flung up ſuch a troubleſom piece of State, and make their Tenants drudge for themſelves.

We rail at the Church of *Rome*, and not without reaſon, for exacting implicite Obedience from her Sons, but alas, what ſignifies it to take a few Articles upon the Credit of the Prieſt; but to take a Wife, as our Author tells us they do in *Muſcovy*, and other places, without ſeeing her once, or knowing what Defects ſhe may have, is ſomewhat hard upon the Subject. Heaven be prais'd, that here in *England* we are not forced to buy a Pig in a Poke, nay, there

are

are ſome married Men in the World, that were as intimately acquainted with their Wives before Marriage, as ever they were after. See now what it is to live under a free Government, and to have *Magna Charta* on one's ſide.

To conclude theſe Reflections, it is my hearty advice, That all unmarried Perſons wou'd chuſe themſelves proper Spouſes by the firſt opportunity, in order to recruit thoſe numbers that have been deſtroy'd in the wars, and not ſuffer their Talents to lie buried in a Napkin, for which they muſt ſeverely Anſwer one Day. And as for thoſe that are Married, the beſt way they can take, as I preſume, is to live as eaſy as they can, and following the good counſel of *Hobſon* the Carrier, ſo to manage themſelves, as not to tire before their Journeys end.

LETTER VI.

Another Letter to Mr. *H*---

SIR,

I Find by your anſwer, that my advice had not that good effect upon you, which I expected. You ſtill complain of your unhappineſs, and diſturb your ſelf and your friends with Chimera's of your own creating. If I thought complaining wou'd make you a farthing the better, I wou'd out-weep a Church-Spout, and out-lament a Widow that has bury'd three Husbands, and now laments for a fourth: or if I thought you wanted any Spiritual Cordials, I wou'd ſend you a Cart-load of Sermons, to teach you that patience, which the preachers of them cou'd never practiſe. But you are a *Malade imaginaire*, and *Moliere* wou'd ſooner bring you to your ſelf than a Divine. In ſhort, think no more of the Viper that ſtung you, and you are well.

You talk much of what people do in *Spain* upon theſe occaſions. But what have you and

I to do with them? Are we to regulate our eating by the ſots of *Lapland*, or to go naked in complaiſance to the Salvages under the Line? Had you liv'd in *Spain*, perhaps I had preach'd revenge to you, and out of my great concern for your perſon, adviſ'd you to venture the Gallows, becauſe forſooth your Wife with the ſweat of her brows had earn'd damnation. But ſince you live in a Country, where the people are wiſer than to be enſlav'd by ſuch fooliſh notions, pray ſuffer yourſelf to be govern'd by the maxims of it. I tell yon once more, Cuckoldom is no ſcandal in our Nation, and if you were the firſt and ancienteſt —— in *England*, I cou'd ſay no more to you. If 'tis the rarity that makes the Monſter, you'll never come within the number of them. 'Tis only the marry'd men that are not Cuckolds, that, properly ſpeaking, are the Monſters here, as in *Guinea*, 'tis not thoſe that have huge Lips and flat Noſes, but thoſe that have them otherwiſe are really the deform'd.

The old *Romans*, who may be ſuppos'd to have had as juſt ſentiments of honour, as the niceſt *Dons* of *Caſtile*, were guided by wiſer Maxims. In caſe of Infidelity, the Wife was ſent home with infamy to her virtuous relations, but no manner of diſgrace reflected upon the Husband. *Pompey*, the Conqueror of ſo many Kings; *Cicero*, the Father of Eloquence; and

Cæſar, the Maſter of the Univerſe, had all of 'em Wives that prov'd as errant recreants as yours, yet we don't find that they thought themſelves a farthing the worſe for it, or that they rail'd at their ſtars, or flew into ſuch extravagances as you do. *Cicero* in particular, that has written ſo many Conſolatory Treatiſes, to relieve a man under all the misfortunes, and accidents of human life, as baniſhment, poverty, the loſs of friends, old age, diſgrace, and the like; yet never thought it worth his while to part with one ſingle drop of comfort out of his Philoſophical *Aqua Vitæ* Bottle, to cure the heart-burning of a Cuckold. And, *Jack*, ſhall it ever be ſa'd, to the infamy of old *England*, that Heathens, uncircumciſed Heathens cou'd practiſe that patience, which you, that, God be thanked, live under a meeker diſpenſation, cannot reconcile your ſelf to.

You'll tell me, perhaps, that the *Romans* bore this with the greater Reſignation, becauſe they cou'd make themſelves amends out of the Sex, and marry another Wife as ſoon as they had diſmiſt the former. On the other hand, I think 'tis happy for you that you live in a Chriſtian Country, where they won't let you cut your fingers the ſecond time with a Knife, as long as the inſtrument that wounded you laſt is in being. There's a Fable in *Æſop* that fits your caſe exactly, therefore pray liſten to it with due attention

tention and reverence. A Shepherd kept a flock of Sheep near the Sea, and obſerving it to be wonderful calm for a long time, had an itch upon him to turn Merchant Adventurer; that is to ſay in plain *Engliſh*, a Gentleman liking the outſide of the fair Sex well enough, picks out one to his purpoſe, and reſolves to marry. So he converts his Sheep and other moveables into a Purſe of Money, buys a parcel of Dates, and puts to Sea. That is to ſay, furniſhes him a Houſe, provides a fine ſuit of Cloaths, goes to *Dukes-Place*, and marries. A tempeſt ruffled him cruelly there, (this tempeſt, *Jack*, by the by the by, is Cuckoldom) that he was forc'd to throw his Dates over-board to lighten his Ship; that is to ſay, his Wife was ſo damn'd a Thorn in his ſide, that he was forc'd to drink her to death, to get rid of her. And thus with much ado eſcapes to ſhore, and returns to the old place to follow his old profeſſion, that is, breaks up houſe-keeping, and lives privately as he did before. A few days after, finding old Father Ocean to look merrily about the Gills; that is, ſome of the Sex ſmile and ſimper, as if they had a deſign to hook him into Matrimony again; A plague take you, ſays he, for a diſſembler: What, your chops water for more Dates, I warrant; but I'll ſee you hang'd before you ſhall have any. I don't queſtion, *Jack*, but that there are twenty and twenty Women in your neigh-

neighbourhood that long to be fingering your Dates, but if you'll follow the Shepherd's example, they ſhall all loſe their longing.

Well, we have got over this troubleſome point, and now nothing vexes you, but that your Wife ſhou'd run away with a Souldier, (a confounded Enſign I think you call him) and an ugly fellow too. But this is the moſt fantaſtical complaint that ever was heard. It puts me in mind of an *Iriſh-man* in the Civil Wars, that when he was going to be hang'd, ſet nothing to heart but that he muſt be truſs'd up in a Halter, and not in a Withe. If your Houſe was robb'd, I ſuppoſe it wou'd be all a caſe to you, whether it was a Beau or a Chimney-ſweeper that did you the honour to rifle you: And in your preſent misfortune what relief wou'd it be to you that a Blue Garter planted your Horns, any more than a Blue Apron, the Duce take me if I can ſee. But you I find are ſomewhat of *Beſſus*'s humour in the Play, who comforted himſelf after a good kicking that his honour had not ſuffer'd, becauſe in the firſt place 'twas a Lord that kick'd him, and ſecondly 'twas done with a *Spaniſh*-leather Slipper. In your next Letter I expect to find you lamenting, becauſe the fact was done under a hedge, or upon a bare floor, and not with the uſual accommodations in a Bed. Once more, *the fellow was ugly:* Why ſo much the better ſtill, the Cockatrice of your boſome will have the leſs to ſay for herſelf another day,

day, and that ought to be no little comfort, *Jack*, to one in your caſe. Beſides, it juſtifies the old ſaying, that Subjects and Wives, when they revolt from their lawful Soveraigns, ſeldom chuſe for a better. As for her pitching upon a Soldier to be her gallant, I don't wonder at it. The Gentlemen in red, and their Brethren in black, have for ſeveral ages been in poſſeſſion of the Sex, the latter upon the account of their ſecrecy, which may be the reaſon perhaps, why they wear the Roſe, the badge of ſilence in their Hats; and the other, upon the ſcore of the mighty performances which the Women expect from them. The Ladies imagin them all to be Heroes, and as the Laity formerly believ'd that Black conferr'd Grace and *Greek*, ſo they vainly think that Red gives the wearers of it courage and vigour above their neighbours. If we may believe Antiquity, *Vulcan* had a broader back than *Mars*, and was the ſtronger made of the two, yet the latter with the powerful charms of his embroider'd Coat, and *Steenkirk* Cravat, ſo won the Goddeſs's heart, that ſhe was eaſily tempted to cuckold the poor Blackſmith. In ſhort, women are like Mackarel, bait but a hook with a piece of red Cloath, and you infallibly take them.

But to return to the Chapter of uglineſs, from which we have digreſſed, I told you before 'twou'd make it the worſe for your Wife at the Re———on, but upon ſecond thoughts, I don't know

know but ſhe may have a great deal to ſay for herſelf. You are a handſome fellow, *Jack*, I own it, but perhaps have convinc'd her by ſorrowful experience, that as the proverb has it, all is not gold that gliſters. Who can tell but your Wife has read natural Philoſophy enough to know, that where the ground has the roughest, the moſt unpromiſing ſurface, there the richeſt Mines lye below.

After all, whether it is ſo or not, variety is a mighty matter, and much may be ſaid on ſo fertile a head. People love to alter their hands, tho it is not always for the better, a clear inſtance of this we find in *Plautus Amphitryo*. *Jupiter* who by the high poſt he ſtood poſſeſſed of, one wou'd think ſhould have no groſs palate, lies with *Alcmena* the very night before ſhe was deliver'd of two chopping Infants. The Lady for her part was complaiſant, that's certain; but Women, generally ſpeaking, are not ſo refractory as Camels are, that when they have got their burden, riſe up, and will carry no more: So this is no great wonder. But what the Duce ſhou'd bewitch a Lover, that had the whole Univerſe before him, to make his Son *Mercury* pimp for him for the ſpace of twenty four hours by the clock, to put himſelf to the expence of a Miracle, to make the Moon and the reſt of the Stars do double duty, to keep back the Sun, and make an univerſal diſorder in nature, and all to carry on a fooliſh intrigue with a big-belly'd woman? 'Tis agreed by all

all the *Dutch* Commentators, that he wou'd never have done ſo much for *Juno*, his lawful Spouſe; in one of her moſt engaging moments, with all the advantages of dreſs and art to recommend her; much leſs under ſuch embarraſſing circumſtances. What then may we imagine to be the reaſon of it? Why, that partly variety, and partly the itch of making a Cuckold, engag'd him in this expedition. But all this while I forget that I am pleading for your Wife, like the Biſhop that was employ'd to write againſt *Luther*, and turn'd one of his party.

Thus I have briefly run over all your ſcruples, and endeavour'd to make you *rectus in curia*; but before I conclude, give me leave to tell you a ſhort ſtory. A Gentleman of my acquaintance had a Tenant that rented about ſome forty Shillings a year of him. The Hutt he liv'd in was a ſad wretched hole, made up of a few feeble poles, cover'd with mud, dung, and ſtraw: 'Twas not to be mention'd on the ſame year with a Crows-neſt, either for the materials, the convenience, or architecture of it. The leaſt puff of wind ruffled it more ſeverely than a Hurricane does a Ship in the *Indies*. The diſcharge of a Gun at a quarter of a miles diſtance wou'd give it a Tertian Ague for a fortnight. Then as for the furniture, it was all of a piece with the building, half a ſcore wooden Spoons, with a Platter of the ſame metal, a broken backt Chair, and what they call'd a Bed, by a bolder Catachreſis than is to be found in all

Mr

Mr *Cleveland.* It was not ſo much as furniſh'd with a Suit of *Grubſtreet* Tapiſtry; I mean, a ſet of Proteſtant Ballads, or the Devil tempting a *London* Prentice, or the Tanners advice to his Children, or the Royal Family on Horſeback, to keep the poor Walls in countenance. The fellow's whole ſubſtance was a Bee-hive, half a ſcore Cabbages, and an Apple-tree in the yard, on the ſucceſs of which he depended more than the Con——tes on that of a Campaign in *Flanders:* a Tit that ſharpt for his livelihood on the Common, but as lean as a Projector's Footman; a Cow, whoſe Milk was meat and drink, and her tail an Almanack to the family; with a Cock ſtrutting at the head of a progeny; and a brace of Pigs educated within doors, and ſerv'd with as much care as the Heir apparent to the Cottage. His Muſic when he came home was to hear a litter of young dirty Children ſquawling on one ſide of him, and the above-mention'd *Meſſieurs de Porceaugnac* grunting on the other, and his rank two-handed Spouſe, that never had a drop of water touch her face, ſince the Parſon ſprinkled her at the Font, by the ſame token even then it made her cry out, endeavouring to keep the Kings Majeſtys peace between them. Yet amidſt all this poverty and filthineſs the fellow lookt merry, and in good humour, ſnor'd as contentedly at Church as the beſt of his neighbours, in an old *Sunday* Coat that had outliv'd ſix Generations, ſtill whiſtled

whiſtled at his work, and what is more, without any of the Pariſh to aſſiſt him, once a year got his Wife with Child, as if he breakfaſted every morning on the Duke of *Buckingham*'s famous Broath. So his Landlord ask'd him what ſhift he made to keep himſelf ſo chearful and merry? Why Maſter, ſays he, when I think of ſuch fine folks as your Worſhip, that ride in your Coaches, and eat and drink of the beſt, without doing any thing for it, why then, an't pleaſe you, I can't forbear curſing my old Father for begetting me under ſuch a ſtarving Planet: But when I conſider how few are in your caſe, and how many millions in the ſame condition with my ſelf, if not in a worſe, why then I ſet my hand to my Plough, and jog on as merrily as I can. *Jack*, this ſtory needs no application; do but think of the millions you have on your ſide, enough to confound the Turk and Pope, nay, to carry the whole world before you, if you knew your own ſtrength; do but think how many Noblemen and Courtiers you have to lead the Van, how many Cits to bring up the main Body, how many Souldiers to fight, Lawyers to plead, Phyſicians to preſcribe, and Divines to pray for you, and I dare engage you'll ſleep heartily upon't, and perſecute me with no more of your whining Letters: who am

Your Humble Servant.

P. S.

A Phyſician of my acquaintance, that has heard of your misfortune, call'd upon me this morning juſt as I had ended my Letter, and leſt my advice ſhou'd fail of making a good impreſſion upon you, was ſo kind to ſend you the following preſcription. If theſe precepts won't cure you, we muſt proceed to Topics, and one of the beſt remedies I know is what follows. When your diſcontented ſoul labours with a little Brow-anguiſh, take a Childs Coral, with Whiſtle and Bells to it, moiſten it with faſting Spittle, and rub your forehead with it *ter in die horis medicis.* It will make your Brow-antlers cut eaſy, for ſome Cuckolds are as froward under the breeding of Horns, as ſome Children are under the breeding of Teeth. Once more Adieu.

Let-

LETTER VII.

To the Reverend Mr. ------ in *Suſſex.*

I Have had a mind to write to thee this long while, but the misfortune on't is, that a man oes not know how to accoſt thee, without being t the pains to conſult the Herald's Office. *Ge-yon*, of tripple-headed memory gave his Subjects ſuppoſe the ſame trouble, who when they came o deliver a Petition to him, found themſelves s much embaraſs'd, which of his heads to addreſs o, as I find my ſelf at preſent, under which of our three capacities I am firſt to conſider you. n ſhort, I am told you have got three ſtrings to our bow, that you are a Parſon, a Grazier, and Phyſician. Now which of theſe is your Top-rofeſſion, I mean that which brings you in moſt noney, the Lord knows: however hoping the eſt ſtill of the Church, this comes to tell you Reverend Sir, that I am glad at your good fortune, nd wiſh you all the proſperity you can deſire.

All your Friends here in Town are extreamly leaſed at your grafting the Grazier upon the Clergyman. You have reduced things, they ſay

to their primitive condition, and joyn'd two trades, as the world makes them now, that liv'd peaceably together long before the Flood. The old Patriarchs, you know, were both Prieſts and Graziers, and had an equal juriſdiction over their two legg'd and four legg'd Congregations. When Paganiſm got footing in the World, the caſe was ſomewhat alter'd; Then Sacrifices came in play, and the Prieſts and Graziers turn'd Butchers; which noble employment ſome malicious people will tell you, their Succeſſors have kept up under another diſpenſation.

But as for your joyning the Phyſician to the Divine, they are not ſo well ſatisfied. Some wonder'd why you wou'd take up a profeſſion that lies under the imputation of being in the hands of Atheiſts: but Gentlemen, ſaid I, don't trouble your ſelves for that matter; for let a Parſon tack a hundred other profeſſions to his own, yet I'll engage that like Oyl among other Liquors, the Clergyman will ſtill float uppermoſt. Beſides, who knows but it was your ill fortune to live among ſuch a refractory perverſe people, as *Don Diego* were, that wou'd not knock off in any reaſonable time, but lived long, on purpoſe to ſpite their Relations, and defraud the Church of its perquiſites. The Ropes grew mouldy, and the Bells were in danger of forgetting their notes for want of exerciſe, and the graſs in your Church-yard for want of being corrected by the Spade

gre

grew ſo ſcandalouſly and enormouſly high, that the Arch-Deacon complained of it at the Viſitation. Then the poor Sexton, God help him, finding no employment from the Dead, was in a fair way to be ſtarv'd among the Living, and had as little to do as a Pimp at *Newmarket*, when the C---t is not there: Then he and you, oh I beg your pardon Doctor, then you and he, under the melancholy Yew-tree that faces the Church Porch, all alone like Mr. *Drydens* two Turtles in the Siege of *Granada*, coo'd and murmur'd to each others moan, and made as mournful a Conſort between you, as two Seamens Widows in a Brandy ſhop near the Navy Office. Husbands complain'd of their Wives, and Wives of their Husbands, for ſticking ſo unmercifully long to one another, and what is a dreadful thing to conſider, there had like to have been a general inſurrection of all the young fellows againſt their moſt unnatural Fathers for the ſame account. To prevent theſe, and a thouſand other inconveniencies, I think it was very diſcreetly done of you, to ſet up for a Phyſician, and now I don't queſtion but the Bells troll merrily, the Ropes are made tractable with uſing, the Church-yard looks like a place of Buſineſs, and your Sexton can afford to treat himſelf with a Capon at Supper.

As I was reading *Caligula*'s life t'other morning, you came into my head I proteſt, and I cou'd not forbear to wiſh, that it had been your good luck to live under his auſpicious reign. That Emperor,

who was not partial to his own ſpecies, but heartily encouraged Merit where-ever he found it, whether in man or Beaſt 'twas the ſame thing to him; generouſly beſtow'd a fat Parſonage upon his Horſe *Incitatus*, whom by the by he deſign'd to make Lord Mayor of *Rome* the next year, but granted him I ſuppoſe a diſpenſation to officiate by a Curate, becauſe the poor Brute, had a natural impediment in his Speech. So I was thinking with my ſelf, if this noble-ſpirited Prince cou'd preſent his Horſe to a rich Living, what preferment wou'd he have refus'd to a Gentleman of your Ability, had you lived in *Rome* at that time. But you have prevented all theſe wiſhes in your friends, by the wiſe courſe you have taken to get money, for the Devil's in't if three gainful trades in *Confederacy* cannot make a ſhift to keep the *French* Wolf of Poverty from the door. Some people indeed think you come within the Canon about Pluralities, but that is a jeſt. They may as well call a double chin a plurality, and then the Lord have mercy on the Wicked, and give a Bear and Fiddle that ſcandalous name, which wou'd touch the Copy-hold of half the Curates in *Wales*. I wou'd fain know why the incumbent, where the Benefice won't keep Body and Soul together, ſhou'd not be ſuffer'd to make himſelf amends in ſome other employment, as well as your Mercers in a Country Village, to ſell every thing from Broad Cloath and Sattin, down to Tape and Pack-

Pack-thread. Beſides all the world knows that the Reformation ſtript the Church of Confeſſion and ſeveral other advantageous points, which kept the Laity in good order; now what cou'd better ſupply the abſence of theſe things than the profeſſion you have taken up, ſince we find the world is ſo wickedly given, that they have a greater regard for their tranſitory Bodies than their Souls; ſo now if any of your Pariſhioners are obſtinate, don't threaten 'em with the Eccleſiaſtical Court, but ply them with Pills, don't excommunicate them, but give them Phyſick, for that will ſooner ſend them to the Devil than the cenſure of the C———h.

I that am at ſo great a diſtance from you, pleaſe my ſelf now and then with the thoughts that I behold you in your own Dominions, with as buſy a face, as a Country Attorney ſtanding at his door, with a brace of Pens in his Hair; ſometimes I ſee you in the Pulpit knocking down ſin like an Ox, ſometimes handling of Bullocks in the Market, and from thence ſent for to feel the pulſe of a Farmers plump Daughter *in ordine ad Spiritualia.* Then out comes the Clyſter-pipe, and when that is adminiſter'd, the Prayer-Book is lugg'd piping hot out of the ſame pocket, to beg a bleſſing upon't. The harmony of Authors too in your Library muſt needs be admirable, *Culpepper's* Midwife, and Dr. *Sherlock* upon Death, *Harvey de lue Venereâ*, and *Burgeſs* of original Sin, *Colebatch* of Acids,

and *Twiſſe* of the Goſpel-ſweets, the diſpenſatory and the Concordance, a Father and an Urinal-monger. But what pleaſes me moſt is to hear, that you are grown the graveſt perſon in all the Country. Whatever you do, keep to your gravity, and that will keep you. Some people I know will call it dulneſs, and to ſay truth, dulneſs and gravity like the two *Sofia's* in the Play, reſemble one another ſo much, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible to diſtinguiſh them, but no matter for that; ſtill hold to the Text of Gravity, for the topping men in all profeſſions are protected by their gravity, as the Towns in *Holland* are by the mud and dirt about them.

Having been told of ſeveral of your cures, I wiſh we had you here in Town, to ſhow a piece of your skill upon an old acquaintance of yours, who is troubled with a dead Palſy on one ſide, which I am afraid he will never recover of till death, or you come to his relief. I mean poor *Harry S*—— who has lately married the Widow *D*—— For my part I can never ſee him, but I think of the Embalmer in *Herodotus*, that committed fornication with a dead Body. St. *Francis* that was forced to run into a heap of Snow, to correct the inſolencies of nature, wou'd have turn'd as cold and motionleſs, as *Lot's* wife at the very ſight of her. A generous well-bodied Calenture, ſuch as they have under the line, may perhaps put her Blood into ſome motion, but a common

common ordinary Fever can no more warm her, than you can roaſt a Surloin of Beef by a farthing Candle. By this you may gueſs what a wretched condition your Friend is in. If there is any thing in your art, that can give this Gentlewoman a civil lift into the other World (for really ſhe is too good for this) you are deſired to communicate it, and beſides a good round gratuity, *Harry* promiſes you ſhall preach her funeral Sermon, ſo that after you have deſtroyed her with your Pills, you may likewiſe murder her with your Oratory. I am

---

LETTER VIII.

By one of the *Commons*.

Dear Jack!

O mihi poſt nullos.

THo at this preſent juncture, *ſuperos, & conſcia ſidera teſtor*, I am in no very good condition to write Letters, *ſeceſſum ſcribentis & otia quærunt*, becauſe my head akes, *acceſſit fervor capiti*, and with laſt nights

drinking my hand trembles *quid non ebrietas deſignat*, yet I cannot forbear, *tenet inſanabile multos*, to ſend you an account of our meeting at the *Sun*, *forſan & hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit*, and what happened upon it, *Exitus acta probat*, but I ll endeavour to be as brief as I can, *ſumma ſequar veſtigia rerum*, for I hate prolixity and all its works.

You muſt know then that a parcel of young fellows of us, *in cure curanda plus æquo*, jolly toping Companions, *ſponſi Penelopes*, *nebulones*, who when are we are at a Tavern never cry to go home, *fruges conſumere nati*, met at the *Sun* to drink ſome tokens ſent out of the Country, *O rus quando ego te aſpiciam.* At firſt we were exceeding chearful and merry, *nunc te Bacche canam*, the Glaſſes troll'd about like lightning, *nec mora nec requies*, we drank proſperity to old *England*, *dulce & decorum eſt pro patria*, nor was the beſt in Chriſtendom forgot, *ſpelunca alta fuit, vaſtoq; immanis hiatu.* So far then every thing went well, *hac Arethuſa venus*, the Candles burn clear and bright, *noctem Flammis funalia vincunt*, the Tobacco ſmoaked agreeably, *Volvitur ater odor tectis*, but you know the old ſaying, pleaſure has a ſting in its tail, *nocet empla dolore voluptas*, people ſeldom know when to give off, *O quantum in rebus inane*, for mark what follow'd, *felix quem faciunt*, we had the Devil and all to do before we parted, *Alecto ſtygiis caput extulit oris*,

oris, nothing but bloodſhed and deſolation, *bella horrida bella*, and a Woman occaſioned it all, *dux femina facti.* One in the Company it ſeems was deeply in Love, *omnia vincit amor*, ſo he began his Miſtreſſes health in a bumper, *Nævia ſex Cyathis*, ſwearing ſhe was an Angel, a Goddeſs, and I know not what, *trahit ſua quemq; voluptas*, but his next neighbour like a tool refuſed to pledge him, *quis niſi mentis inops oblatum reſpuit.* Upon which Rogue and Raſcal ſtrait enſued, *nulli tacuiſſe nocet*, one ill word begot another, *verba accuſandi genitivum regunt*, after which Bottles and Candleſticks flew like hail, *amq; faces & ſaxa volant*, and ſome undermining moles in the company, that no body cou'd tell what to make of, *incerti generis ſunt talpa*, blew up the coals to make more miſchief, *ſpargere voces in vulgum ambiguas*, till at laſt all of us were hooked into the quarrel, *O miſeri, quæ tanta inſania, cives!* 'Twas to no purpoſe to preach up peace and moderation, *in campo ſiquis aſellum*, for the Wine was in and the Wit was out, *fœcundi calices quem non fecere?* One with his Mazzard demoliſhed, *quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*, fell down on the floor, *dat gemitum tellus*, and lay as flat as a Flounder, *procumbit humi bos*; t'other with his Noſe diſmounted, *quis cladem illius noctis*, fell a ſwearing like a Dragon, *tercentem tonat ore deos*, and flung the Monteith at his oppoſite, *furor arma miniſtrat.* A third had his

Eyes

Eyes clos'd up, *monſtrum horrendum, informe, ingens.* A fourth his Lac'd Cravat and Perriwig torn to pieces, *quis funera fando explicet.* In ſhort, the diſtraction was univerſal, *poſte vacat pars nulla*, it reign'd from *Dan* to *Berſheba*, *ab ovo uſq; ad mala*, for by this time all of us were at pell mell, *legitq; virum vir*, but ſuch a noiſe and ſuch a confuſion, good Lord! *ferit aurea ſidera clamor.* I warrant you there was work enough for the Chirurgions, *multa vi vulnera miſcent*, but it's an ill wind, you'll ſay, that blows no body good, *aliquiſq; malo fuit uſus in illo.* At laſt the man of the houſe appear'd, *vir gregis ipſe caper*, with a Conſtable and a mob of Watchmen at his heels, *una eurusq; notusq; ruunt*, commanding us in the King's name to keep the peace, *tollite barbarum clamorem*, and not to fight like Beaſts or *Dutchmen* over our Drink, *pugnare Thracum eſt*: what, ſays he, do ye think there are no Magiſtrates in the Neighbourhood, *Creditis avectos Danaos*, or do ye know my Lord Mayor and the City no better, *ſic notus Ulyſſes*? Come pack up your Awls, and be gone, *ille regit dictis animos*, or I ſhall ſend you all to the Counter, *horriſono ſtridentes cardine portæ.* Upon this the mutiny was ſoon quaſh'd, *omnis pelagi cecidit fragor*, we had no mind to be longer at Logger-heads, *non ea vis animo*, a Priſon was no ſuch deſirable place, *Centauri in foribus ſtabulant*, ſo the reckoning was call'd for and paid, *de moribus ultima fiet*

quæſtio,

quæſtio, every one went towards his reſpective home; *ſedes quiſque ſuas*, ſome in Coaches, and ſome on Foot, *ſcinditur incertum ſtudia in contraria vulgus*. But ſee the uncertainty of humane affairs, *omnia ſunt hominum*, we were ſtopt by the Monarch of the night at *Ludgate*, *apparent nova Monſtra*. Crys he, whence come ye; *ſed vos qui tandem*, or whether are you going? *Quove tenetis iter*. Shall I ſend one of my Myrmidons to ſee you home? *auxilio tutos dimittam*, or will you reign with me in this Elbow-Chair of State, *vultis & his mecum pariter conſidere regnis*. By my Faith my Throne and all is at your ſervice, *Urbem quam ſtatuo veſtra eſt*. No, ſaid *Ned Townly*, I beg your excuſe, *haud equidam tali me dignor honore*, I love you, Gentlemen Conſtables, with all my heart, *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo*, but I have a moroſe thing call'd a Father at home, *eſt mihi namq; domi pater*, beſides a Mother-in law as miſchievous as a fury, *Hircanæq; admorunt ubera tygres*. So if you pleaſe we'll ev'n take our leaves of one another, worthy Sir, *ſatis eſt quod ſufficit*, and thus through ſo many nocturnal principalities and powers, *per tot diſcrimina rerum*, we at laſt got ſafe to the Commons, *tendimus in Latium*.

Had I the Lungs of a hundred Lawyers, *non mihi ſi centum linguæ ſint*, yet were I not able to tell you all my adventures, *omnes ſcelerum*

com

compendere formes. But to conclude, this was the iſſue of this tragical night, *hæc finis Priami fatorum*; but who the plague could have foreſeen it, *quid ſit futurum cras fuge quærere.* However, I ſhall have more wit for the future, *piſcator ſapit ictus*, ſo begging your pardon for this tedious Letter, *veniam petimus dabimuſq; viciſſim*, I promiſe you *Ne quid nimis* ſhall hereafter be the word, with

Your moſt humble

L. I.

LETTER IX.

To Madam ---kept by a Jew in *Covent-Garden.*

By Capt. *Gr*——

AT my coming to Town, I was ſupriz'd to hear two things, That the Duke of *Savoy* had quitted the Confederates and gone over to

to the *French*, and (what ſtartled me more) that Mrs *Lucy* ——— had thrown off her old Chriſtian acquaintance, and revolted to the Jews. Faith, Child, I could never have imagined, that you of all the women in the world wou'd ever have choſen a Gallant out of that Religion, which clips and diminiſhes the current Coyn of Love, or could ever be brought to like thoſe people that liv'd two thouſand years on Types and Figures. But perhaps you fancy'd the Nation for *Sampſon*'s ſake, of brawny memory. If you did, you are like to loſe your longing; for you may as well look for ſome of the race of the two Gyants at *Guild-hall* in *Cheapſide*, as for any of *Sampſon*'s progeny in *Duke's-place*. Some of your Friends alledge in your juſtification, that you were wholly directed by your intereſt in this choice, and troth I can't blame you. Our Stateſmen and Senators, our Divines, Merchants, and Lawyers, act all upon that principle, and why a poor frail woman ſhould not be allowed the ſame priviledge, I cannot ſee. So then, I find 'tis neither circumciſion nor uncircumciſion that avails any thing with you; but money, which is in reality of all Religions, and you only put in practice what your kind Keeper's Anceſtors did formerly in the Wilderneſs, that is, you fall down before the Golden Calf, which the *Rabbies* ſay was ſome excuſe for their Idolatry. Upon this ſoot

I'll allow you to grant ſome favours to your old Teſtament Spark, ſo long as his pot of Manna continues full, and you find him like the Land of *Canaan* flowing with Milk and Honey. However, in the mean time conſider how his Predeceſſors ſerved the *Ægyptians*, and let it not diſturb your pious Conſcience to uſe him in the ſame manner. For your comfort, all our Caſuiſts agree, that it is no more ſin to cheat a Jew, than to over-reach a *Scot*, or to put falſe Dice upon a Stock-jobber. And now, old friend of mine, to tell thee the truth, I have a great inclination upon me to be wonderfully loving to thee, and I'll tell thee the reaſon: if thou hadſt kept ſtill within the pale of the Church, I believe you and I knew one another ſo intimately well before, that I ſhould have lain under no great temptation to treſpaſs with thee. But ſince thou haſt admitted an Interloper into thy Boſom, I have a wonderful longing to beat up his quarters, and am reſolved to cuckold this *Eleazar*, this *Aben-Ezra*, this Son of Circumciſion, only to ſhew my zeal to Chriſtianity. Therefore meet me, dear *Lucy*, this very evening in the Pit, for I long to know firſt, how thou mad'ſt a ſhift to paſs the *Levitical* muſter with him: and ſecondly and laſtly, to be inform'd whether *Aaron*'s Bells make better Muſick than ours.

Adieu.

Letter

LETTER X.

From a Gentleman in *Holland*, to his Friend in *England*. By the ſame hand.

YOu may imagin I lead none of the moſt comfortable lives here, when I tell you that I am quartered in a little pimping village on the Frontier of *Flanders*, where I have no men to converſe, and no women to intrigue with. To begin with the former, I am a perfect *Barbarian* to them, and ſo I believe I ſhould be, if I liv'd among them till Doomſday. For all I know, they may wiſh me at the Devil and curſe me, when I fancy they are at their compliments. However, this is no more temptation to me to learn their croaking language, than I ſhould have, if I were marry'd, to imitate the jealous *Italian* in *Poggius*, who gelt himſelf on purpoſe, to know whether his Wife was true to his bed. Then their liquor is ſo abominable, that there's no enduring it: rather than do pennance in ſuch vile ſtuff, two of my Soldiers are forced to fill their guts with water every day,

day, and then ſtand upon their heads a quarter of an hour together, to make themſelves giddy, which gives them ſome feeble repreſentation of drunkenneſs. In ſhort, I am grown ruſty for want of exerciſe, and paſs away my time as uneaſily, as a poor Carp that has been us'd to range in a River, does in a little Ciſtern of Water at a Fiſhmonger's by *Temple Bar*. However, I could make a ſhift to bear the brutality of the men, if the other Sex made me amends, but i'faith they are cold to ſuch a degree, that neither Love nor Wine can unthaw them. I muſt needs own, I have the ſame quarrel to the generality of your Women in *London*, as the Clergy have to the Laity, that is to ſay, they know too much; but a plague on't, the Females here have the contrary fault, and are ſuch flegmatic, ſtupid Creatures, that a man muſt live the Age of a Patriarch among them, to teach them to fetch and carry. In ſhort, you may ſooner teach a *Laplander* Algebra. Tho the Virtuoſi may be miſtaken in their univerſal Character, yet I thought Love had an univerſal language, which was underſtood from Pole to Pole, and that he kept an Exchange in all corners of the Earth, where the two Sexes might barter their Commodities; but here it ſeems this Traffick is not practic'd, tho they trade in every thing elſe. By ſigns and other motions I can make a ſhift to

to tell them what I would eat and drink, but I cannot, with all that my eyes can ſpeak, with all that my fingers can expreſs, make the women underſtand my meaning, ſo as to relieve my more preſſing neceſſities. Looking once with a languiſhing ridiculous air, as people in love uſe to do, my Landlords Daughter thought I was ill, and a Phyſician was preſently ſent for, (ſo I gueſt him to be, by the Clyſter-pipe hanging by his ſide,) but I had the grace to refuſe the civilities he deſign'd me. To try her yet farther, I put a pledge into her hands, which the Women in all other parts of the Globe are willing enough to exchange, and know the value of, but ſhe looked upon as it unconcern'd as a *Cheapſide* Cit does at a Cuckold, and returned it me back, and yet the Wench was plump and handſome, was paſt twenty, and ſeemed to be made of the ſame good natured materials, with the Women in *England*. 'Tis a common ſaying, but untrue, that no Nation is ſo barbarous, but Love and Religion have got footing in it. If we may believe our modern Travellers, the *Hotantots* have no Religon, and I have found by ſorrowful experience, that the *Dutch* Women have no taſt of Love; whether this proceeds from their natural coldneſs, which produces the ſame effects here, that Grace does in other places, or whether their buſineſs, to which they are no leſs bred, than the men, proves too pre-

valent for all amorous impreſſions, I can't tell; but this is certain, that as a modern Author expreſſes himſelf, we find among theſe Pagan people *un certain uſage de pruderie quaſi generalement établ iet je ne ſcaj quelle vielle tradition de continence, qui paſſe de mere en fille comme une eſpece de Religion.* In ſhort, if Love be a Deity, there are no ſuch damn'd Atheiſts in the World, as in this ſtrange Climate. 'Tis true, in other places thoſe of the fair Sex, may be too profuſe in their offerings, but as the Divines rightly obſerve, Superſtition is better than Prophaneneſs. Thoſe few here that pretend to own his power, pay their oblations to him with as ill a will, as a breaking Tradeſman pays his Taxes to the Government. It does not come from any generous principle within, the heart has no ſhare in the ſacrifice, and the Soul which in other Countries, loves to aſſiſt and go along with the body upon theſe occaſions, is as unconcern'd here, as a Tradeſmans rake-helly Prentice at a Quakers meeting. Not but that there are whores and married Women too in this Country (which may ſeem to deſtroy what I have ſaid before) but the latter know no more what Gallantry means, than they underſtand *Arabic*; and the former are ſuch rampant mercenary Devils, that they wou'd lick old *Lucifer*'s cloven foot, for a ſingle Gilder. In ſhort, there's not one honeſt *Rahab* to be found among them, to juſtify the profeſſion,

and

and Love has ne'r a Court in all the ſeven Provinces, where a man can be heard in *forma pauperis*: which is a ſad thing for us poor Souldiers, that are not over-ſtock'd with the Ready. And then, as I have already told you, thoſe that paſs for Maids are ſuch inſenſible things, that one may ſucceed much ſooner in his pretenſions elſewhere, than he can here make himſelf underſtood; or, to expreſs my ſelf in the language of *Weſtminſter-hall*, one may get his Cauſe tryed, enter upon the Premiſſes, and levy a Fine elſewhere, before he can put in his Plea here, let him uſe all the art he can. The young fellows are made of the ſame unthinking Clay, they ſometimes talk of the flames of Love, but 'tis ſo as we at this diſtance of time talk of the fire of *Troy*, which nothing concerns us. 'Tis next to an Article of Faith with them, that no evacuation is ſo refreſhing as a Belch, that nothing warms but Brandy, and that nothing is worth a mans courting but Money.

Gueſs then what a diſmal pennance I have undergone in this wicked place; but now, Heaven be praiſed, my perſecution is like to be at an end, for next week we are order'd to joyn the Army at *Nivelle*, where I hope to meet good ſtore of Champaign, and to make my ſelf amends out of the female recruits that are arriv'd from *England*. Come Battel and

Murder, Bloodſhed and Deſolation, Fire and Faggot; in fine, any thing but *Dutch* Women, and the curſe of Sobriety. Thus prays

Your moſt obliged Servant.

LETTER XI.

To a young Lawyer that dabbl'd in Poetry.

SIR,

YOur friends in the Country, underſtanding to their grief, that you are infected with Verſe-making, by the ſame token that the ſpots of *Parnaſſus* have broke out upon you in ſeveral Love-Sonnets, and a Pindaric Ode upon the *Peace*, they have deſired me, whom they knew to labour under the ſame diſtemper formerly, to attempt your Cure, with the ſame proſpect, I ſuppoſe, as the people of *Spain* and *Italy* employ the Prieſts to exorciſe the Devil, becauſe they are beſt acquainted with him. Take it therefore for an undoubted truth, that

Law

Law and Poetry are as incompatible as War and Plenty, and that the Lawyer and Poet can no more inhabit in the ſame perſon, than a Beau and a Chimney-ſweeper. The Law propoſeth intereſt for its end, and that conſideration makes its Thiſtles palatable; but you'll find your ſelf damnably miſtaken, if you think to advance your ſelf by the Muſes. After you have ſpent your whole age in their ſervice, you muſt not expect to have your Arrears paid ſo much as in Malt-Tickets, or Exchequer-Notes. They'll put you off to one Mrs *Tattle* alias *Fame*, the veryeſt Coquette that ever was, and that prating Goſſip will ſham you with an Immortality-Ticket forſooth, which is not to become due to you, till you are laid aſleep in a Churchyard; and neither you, nor your Heirs will be a farthing the better for it. What is worſe, the nine Siſters above-mentioned, will not only diſappoint your expectations as to a reward, but will engroſs all your favours, and ſuffer no Rivals to interfere with them. Like the *Eaſt India* Women, they'll expect you ſhou'd prove conſtant, and beſtow no marks of benevolence elſewhere, otherwiſe conclude to be poiſon'd by them, and made uncapable of any thing elſe; and nothing you know is ſo furious as the revenge of a diſcarded Miſtreſs. If you deſign to touch at the moſt advantageous Port in the land of

Poetry, call'd the Theatre, conſider how viſible the dangers, and how unſuitable the returns are. To pleaſe the Ladies, you muſt take care to lard the Dialogue with ſtore of luſcious ſtuff, which the Righteous call Bawdy: To pleaſe our new Reformers you muſt have none, otherwiſe gruff *Jeremy* will be upon your bones. In ſhort, a Poet has as hard a task on't to manage, as a Paſſive Obedience Divine that preaches before the Commons on the 30th of *January*. Then to ſit with an aking heart for three long hours behind the Scenes, within an inch of damnation all the while, tho you ſhou'd come off never ſo victorious, can you imagine the ſucceeding pleaſure can make you amends for ſo much pain and anguiſh. But you fancy the *Indies* are lodg'd in *Drury-lane*; and that the *Spaniſh* Plate-Fleet is not to be compar'd to a good third day. To undeceive you then, the Theatre is not ſo overſtockt with ungodly Mammon, as you may believe. *Rablais* ſomewhere ſaith, that the very ſhadow of an Abbey Steeple is enough to get a woman with Child; and I can tell you for your comfort, that the ſhadow of the Theatre is ſtarving; and the air of it as naturally produces poverty, as that of the hundreds in *Eſſex* begets Agues. There was a Woollen-draper in the *Strand*, that unhappily dreamt but of a Candle-ſnuffer of the Houſe, who is at leaſt four removes from a Poet, and the poor fellow broke within a week after.

So

So then, if you have the fear of Intereſt before your eyes, ſtick cloſe to the Law, and let Poetry go the Devil. *Ovid* will be an everlaſting teſtimony of this truth to all ages of the world. His Father, like a wiſe old Gentleman, deſign'd him for the Bar, but the giddy Fop flung up that profeſſion, and ſet up for a Wit; but obſerve, I beſeech you, what he got by the exchange. By ſome of his fooliſh Verſes he drew the Emperors diſpleaſure upon himſelf, who ſent him a grazing to teach him more manners, and ſo he liv'd a miſerable fugitive, *in partibus infidelium*, where he had leiſure enough to curſe the verſifying Planet which betray'd him to theſe extremities. One or two perhaps in the compaſs of ſix thouſand years have made their fortunes by it, but is this any encouragement for you to betake yourſelf to *Apollo*'s high road? What man of ordinary ſenſe wou'd hazard his All in a Lottery, in hopes of meeting a Benefited Ticket, where he has forty thouſand to one odds againſt him. Beſides, Buſineſs and Poetry agree as ill together as Faith and Reaſon, which two latter, as has been judiciouſly obſerv'd by the fam'd Tub-drubber of *Covent-garden*, can never be brought to ſet their Horſes together. Thoſe poor Rogues, that do *Apollo*'s drudgery, like the Servants that belong to Dr *Ch*———*n*'s Land Office, muſt e'n take their labour for their pains, for *Apollo* and the Dr

pay no wages; and they agree in this too, that Paper paſſes with both for Ready Money.

On the other hand, the Law has all the baits you can think of to take you. Crowds of Clients to dance attendance at your Chamber every morning. Wealth perpetually flowing in upon you, and all this attain'd with a few qualifications; nothing but a ſtrong pair of Bellows, call'd Lungs, and a Forehead of the *Corinthian* Order, are required. So that if you abandon ſo rich a ſoil, to ſtarve upon a barren Common, the very Stones in *Weſtminſter-hall*, like the blood of the Recorders Horſes, will riſe up in judgment againſt you. After all, if you are not maſter of Philoſophy enough to ſet your ſelf at liberty, and cannot entirely ſhake off the Rhiming diſeaſe, let me adviſe you as a friend, to treſpaſs that way in private; let not your Miſtreſs, nor ſo much as your Bottle-companion know any thing of the matter, but when the Writing fit is upon you, do it with as much prudent circumſpection, as diſcreet Thieves when they are going to commit Burglary. Otherwiſe you muſt lie under the ſcandal of being thought a diſaffected man to *Cook* and *Littleton*, and if that ſhou'd arrive to my Lord Chief Juſtices ears, good night to your practice. This is all that I have at preſent to ſay upon this head, who am *Your moſt humble*, &c.

LET-

LETTER XII.

From a Vintner in the City, to a young Vintner in *Covent-Garden*.

By Mr. *M*——

Couſin John,

YOu have done two very adventurous things of late. You have taken a new Houſe, and a new Wife, and all in the compaſs of a week: not having the fear of ſome late Acts of Parliament before your eyes, which have made Houſe-keeping ſo very chargeable. After this convincing proof of your boldneſs, ſhou'd you take a Lion by the Whiskers, it wou'd not ſurprize me. For, Couſin, to deal plainly with you, you have ſet up in a very perilous time, when 'tis fall of the Leaf with poor Tradeſmen all the year round. The Taxes run high, but never was there ſuch an ebb of Money ſince the Creation. Drunkenneſs, the Lord be praiſed, notwithſtanding all that the new

new Reformers have done to it, ſtill makes a ſhift to maintain its ground: If it leaves one liquor, it takes up with another, like the Sea, which, what it loſes in one place, gains ſomewhere elſe. All the Nation, to give them their due, wou'd be drunk if they cou'd, to forget their ſorrows; but alas, not one quarter of the Nation can afford to be at the expence of it. The ſituation of things being thus at this preſent writing, you ought to manage your ſelf with more than ordinary diſcretion, if you intend to make a figure in this tranſitory world.

In the firſt place, lay it down for a fundamental rule, never to truſt, or at leaſt as ſeldom as you can. But when you commit that folly, let it not be with men, who are protected by their dignity or character, or (what will not be unſeaſonable advice. to one that lives in *Covent garden*) with the Wits, who are protected from paying by their poverty. The leſs Faith you have for other people, the more Charity you ſhew for your ſelf; for let the P—ſons ſay what they I will, never knew man of any profeſſion juſtified by Faith. Rather than venture that, cheat as much as you can, I mean in a lawful way, and when you have got an Eſtate then 'tis time enough to think of compounding your ſins with Heaven by building of an Hoſpi-

Hoſpital, according to the laudable and ancient practice of the City. If you have a mind to be ſav'd by your Faith take my advice, do it by wholeſale, but never by ſmall parcels. In the mean time get Money and promote Trade, for that (as a wiſe Alderman long ago obſerv'd) is the Law and the Prophets.

Secondly, conſider, that the Trade of a Vintner is a perfect myſtery, (for that is the term the Law beſtows upon it,) now as all myſteries in the world are wholly ſupported by hard and unintelligible terms, ſo you muſt take care to chriſten your Wines by ſome hard Names, the farther fetcht ſo much the better, and this policy will ſerve to recommend the moſt execrable Stumm in all your Cellar. A plauſible name to an indifferent Wine, is what a gaudy title is to a Fop, or fine Cloaths to a Woman, it helps to conceal the defects it has, and beſpeaks the world in its favour. Men naturally love to be cheated, particularly thoſe of our own Nation, for the honour of old *England* be it ſpoken, and provided the impoſition is not too bare-fac'd, will meet you half way with all their hearts. I cou'd name ſeveral of our brethren to you, who now ſtand fair to ſit in the Chair of Juſtice, and ſleep in their Golden Chains at Church, that had been forc'd to knock off long ago, if it had not been for this artifice. It has ſav'd the

Sun

Sun from being *eclipſed*, the *Crown* from being *abdicated*, the *Roſe* from *Decaying*, the *Fountain* from being *drawn dry*, and both the *Devils* from being confined to utter darkneſs. If your own invention is ſo barren, that it wants to be aſſiſted, or you have not Geography enough to chriſten your Wines your ſelf, I adviſe you to buy a Map of *Spain*, *Portugal*, *France*, and *Italy*, and there you will find names of places, fit for your purpoſe, and the more uncommon they are, they'll be the more taking. Neither is this piece of policy only practiced in our, but in moſt other Trades. A Bookſeller to help the ſale of a dull Pamphlet, will ſpruce it up with a moſt glorious Title, and tell you the Edition is almoſt ſold off, when he has five hundred lying dead upon his Hands. A Perfumer will pretend that his Eſſences came from *Montpellier*, or *Florence*, tho he made them at home. The Glover talks of *Cordova*, and the Mercer of *Naples*, till their Lungs are foundered, when both their Commodities were of *London* extraction. And what harm is there in all this? If the people cannot be pleaſed otherwiſe, we muſt in our own defence act as the *Nonconformiſt* Divines do, and humour them in their folly. *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur*, was the ſaying of a Churchman, who underſtood the World ſo well, that he would have made an admirable Vintner, had he thought it worth his while. Thirdly,

Thirdly, don't forget to commend your Wine, for thoſe very qualities, that your cuſtomers find fault with it, like the Poets of the Town, who always juſtify thoſe paſſages in their Plays, for which the Criticks condemn them. For example; if they ſay 'tis ſowr or harſh; why, Gentlemen 'tis the nature of true French Wine to be ſo; if they tell you 'tis ſmall, you muſt reply that it has a concealed body; and if they quarrel with it for being heavy and ſtrong, you may ſtop their mouths, by ſaying 'tis ſo much the fitter for our Climate, and that a Frieze Coat is not falſe Latin in *England*, whatever it may be in a warmer Country. At other times it will not be amiſs to ſhift your Sails, and uſe another Conduct. As for inſtance, A company of well-dreſt Gentlemen come to your Houſe, and in reſpect to their quality and gaudy outſides, you draw 'em the beſt Wine in your Vaults. Pſhaw, ſays one, what the Devil have you brought us here? damn it, cries another, this ſtuff is not fit to be ſerved at a Porter's Burial. Then you may harangue them to the following Tune. Why Gentlemen, this Wine, an't pleaſe you, tho it diſpleaſes you ſo much, has the good fortune to be lik'd by other Palates. There's Sir *John Squander*, and my Lord *Topewell*, and twenty more I could mention, Senators, and men of underſtanding, that drink their Gallons of it every night: But to ſay the truth, 'tis not, between friends, true

true Orthodox. I find your Palats are extraordinary, ſo I will go down my ſelf, and bring you the Flower of *Europe*, tho I ſay it. A ſmall parcel of it came over t'other day: it only grows in one Vineyard belonging to the *Monks*, a plague on 'em I have forgot the place, the greateſt part was bought for the Kings uſe, againſt a publick entertainment, and the Merchant befriended me with the reſt. But for Godſake Gentlemen ſpeak not a word of this, to any of my Cuſtomers, you ſhall have of it for your own Company as long as it laſts, but if ever this ſhould be known to my Lord, and Sr *John*, and the W— Country Parlia—nt men, that come to my Houſe, I am undon for ever, therefore I hope youll be ſecret. Then fly down ſtairs like Lightning, bring up a Flask of the worſt VVine you have, take off the Oyl nicely, and preſent the Glaſs to one of theſe judicious Gentlemen. Now obſerve how the Scene is alter'd. A plague on't, why this will do, ſays the firſt. Do? crys the ſecond, ſpirting it critically upon the floor, this is fit for Angels, and not poor ſinful Mortals. Why, *Jack*, ſays the third, this is exactly the ſame Wine you and I uſed to make merry with on the other ſide the *Alpes*. An't pleaſe the Lord, cries the fourth, I'll get my full doſe on't to night. Maſter, we are oblig'd to you. Here Drawer, bring me up a Napkin; and then a good Supper is beſpoke, and drunkenneſs enſues.

A

A certain Brother of the Quill, that does not live full a hundred miles from the *Exchange*, has got a brave Eſtate by this very trick, therefore ſee you put it in practice. There are a thouſand other ſtratagems to be uſed in our profeſſion, but ſhould I pretend to recount but half of them here, I ſhould make this more tedious than a Paſtoral Letter. A little time and experience will ſoon bring you acquainted with them.

I have nothing now left upon my hands to do, but to anſwer the Scruples you propoſed to me in your laſt; which I will diſpatch with all the brevity I am maſter of. You deſire to know whether a Vintner may take advantage of people when they are in their Cups, and reckon more than they have had. To which I anſwer in the affirmative, that you may, provided it be done in the way of Trade, and not for any ſiniſter end. This caſe has been ſo adjudg'd many years ago in Vintner's Hall, and you may depend upon't. Don't you ſee how in all other Trades they never ſcruple to make a penny of a Cuſtomer's ignorance, (elſe how could the Bookſeller in *Paul*'s Church-yard, have palm'd *Ogilby*'s Fables with Cuts, upon a Country Wench for a Common-prayer Book, and told her that *Æſop* with his Beaſts about him, was *Adam* in Paradice) and is not drunkenneſs, while it continues upon a man, a ſtate of ignorance;

rance; Beſides, is it not a ſin, a heinous ſin? and ought not we that are in ſome meaſure acceſſory to it, to mortify and puniſh it, and does any thing more diſturb the Conſcience of an *Engliſh* man, than to make his pocket do pennance? After all, if the fraud is diſcover'd (and 'tis ten to one whether it be or no) the Maſter of the Houſe is not at all affected by it. A Vintner, like the King, can do no wrong. The Bar indeed may miſtake, the Drawers may be Sons of Whores, and miſ-reckon, but a Maſter is not to be damn'd for the tranſgreſſions of his Servants. Even General Councils with the Pope at the head of them are not infallible. *Humanum eſt errare*, the poor woman at the Bar is but juſt come out of the Country, or the noiſe of the Bell, or the hurry of buſineſs diſtracted her. Gentlemen, to make you amends I'll call for my Quart: I'd not do an ill thing for the Univerſe; and thus the Farce concludes.

In the next place you would know how you ought to govern your ſelf in relation to lewd Women that Gentlemen bring to your Houſe: to which I reply; That as Men that have Wives are commanded to live as if they had none, ſo in this wicked Town, a Vintner that has Eyes muſt behave himſelf as if he had them not, and ſometimes too he muſt have no Ears, otherwiſe *damn'd Rogue*, and *Cuckoldly Villain* would make but ill muſic in them. So long as all this ſerves for

or the promoting of Trade, for my part I think there's no great ſin in it; this I am ſure of, that if it were not for this practice, our Neighbours the Apothecaries and Chirurgeons would fairly ſtarve; and you know we ſhou'd love our Neighbours as our ſelves. The worſt effect it produces, is in reſpect to our Wives and Daughters; it ſets their mouths a watering, and often makes them wiſh to be in the Harlot's place. I once knew a Vintners big-bellied Wife, that having taken notice of a painful Whore, who by the ſweat of her Brows, had earn'd fifteen pints of White-wine one night with fifteen ſeveral Men, went ill from the Bar, and nothing would ſerve her turn, but ſhe muſt be deliver'd in the very Chair that had aſſiſted ſo much Fornication. But you'll ſay tis againſt your Conſcience. Couſin *John*, you are a young beginner in the world, therefore follow my direction, and clap a muzzle upon your Conſcience. When you have got twenty thouſand pound in your pocket, you may take off the Muzzle, if you think fit. and leave it to itſelf. Then you may ſhut up your doors at nine, look as diſcreetly as the graveſt Hypocrite in the City, forbid ſinging of Catches in your houſe, deliver a Gill of Wine through the little Wicket only on the Lord's Day, call the *Sunday* the Sabbath, ſtrut to the Pariſh Church at the head of half a dozen notched Drawers lugging a *Ge-*

neva Bible between them, and take the Sermon in Short-hand, as many of your Predeceſſors when they thought they were wealthy enough to deſerve damnation, have done before you. This is all, from

Your affectionate Kinſman,

LETTER XIII.

To my Lady---- that marry'd an old decrepit Widower.

Madam,

YOu have uſed yourſelf with greater cruelty than the moſt barbarous Tyrant durſt have done, had it been your ill fortune to come within his power. *Algiers* itſelf inflicts no ſuch puniſhment upon its vileſt Slaves, as you have voluntarily and freely impoſed upon yourſelf. *Mezentius*, ſo execrable in Hiſtory for

for tying the living to the dead, reſerved this inhumane uſage only for his Enemies: As brutal as he was, he never dreamt of uſing his friends in that manner, much leſs himſelf. Yet you, Madam, have thought fit to practiſe it upon one, who to my knowledge deſerved a better treatment at your hands.

All the Town was melancholy upon the news, but eſpecially thoſe who are in the Intereſts of Beauty, lamented as heartily, as ſome pious people do when they hear of a Chriſtian Town fallen into the hands of the Infidels. And that we fear is your caſe, for if a man has no other way of ſhewing his Faith but by his Works, 'tis concluded by all ſides that your lot is fallen upon a perſon who is as nearly related to an Infidel, as an Informer is to a Villain.

I have lately read over ſome of the old Martyrologies, where innumerable inſtances are to be found of perſons of both Sexes, who in a fit of devotion practiſed ſtrange auſterities; but none of them come up to you, even of thoſe, who, for the ſingular mortification they enjoyn'd themſelves, have been advanc d to the Calendar by Holy Church.

We meet with frequent inſtances of young Virgins that have leapt into the flames to make profeſſion of their belief, and courted death in its moſt terrible mein, as eagerly as other Women do a Coronet and a Title. Some have at-

tended the ſick in Hoſpitals, and in the midſt of affluence and plenty, have deny'd themſelves the conveniences of life, and mortify'd in Sackcloth. Some after the Prieſt has done his office, have refus'd to receive the lawful tribute of Matrimony, and ſome have oblig'd themſelves to a perpetual ſilence, which is certainly ſelf-denial enough in a Woman. Others have injur'd their own Beauty to preſerve themſelves from the Courtſhip of their Lovers, or from the luſt of Tyrants. But, alas, what proportion does this bear to what you have done? Death puts a period to all our miſeries: but you have given a greater proof of your conſtancy, by reſolving to live. You have confin'd your ſelf to a walking Infirmary, and nothing but providence can give you a diſcharge. You have ſacrific'd your youth and beauty, to one that can enjoy neither, nor will ſuffer others to do it for him, like the modern Library-keeper of St. *James*'s, he will neither peruſe your Manuſcript, the faireſt in the world, nor lend it to others who can make a better uſe of it. In ſhort, there's never a Ghoſt in *Glanville* or *Aubry*, if he met him a Church-yard, but wou'd take him for his Brother Spectre. You, and your Husband between you, really undergo two of the ſevereſt puniſhments which antiquity believ'd to be in Hell. He, like *Tantalus*, ſees the Fruit everlaſtingly before him, which he is not in a capacity

pacity of taſting. You, like *Syſiphus*, take an infinite deal of pains to no purpoſe, to roll a Stone every night, which is no ſooner *up*, but it *falls* down of itſelf, and will do ſo to the end of the Chapter.

Tho I need not exaggerate your own torments to you, who are ſo well acquainted with 'em, yet as a Divine ſometimes explains the effects of Drunkenneſs to his Pariſh that know them as well as himſelf, give me leave to lay down part of the perſecution you undergo before your Eyes, that through you the world may know what you endure.

The night approaches, but the night which bountifully rewards the pains of other Lovers, proves but the beginning of your miſery. Even the Bed, where all the marry'd world beſides find happineſs, or at leaſt a relaxation from their pain, is the Scene where you ſuffer moſt emphatically. That old ſolemn piece of antiquity, call'd your Husband, leads you to this place of real Martyrdom, but no execution, with his head muffl'd up in an infinity of Caps, and his Lungs, leſt Muſick ſhould be wanting to the entertainment, are ſure to ſerenade you all night long. Thus he diſturbs your repoſe, but has nothing about him to reward you for keeping you awake. If he has got his Gargo of Wine in his guts, he ſnores by your ſide as heartily, as *Garagantua* and the Monks in

Rabelais do after they have rocked themſelves aſleep, with ſinging the penitential Pſalms. But if in ſpite of impotence and age, he pretends to diſturb you with his vigour, his ſhot ſcarce reaches the Walls of the Fortreſs. Thus your fate is juſt the reverſe of *Semeles*; ſhe generouſly expir'd in the arms of the Thunderer, whereas your Fumbler chills you with his warmeſt embraces; his very flames gives you an Ague fit, and like the weather we have had of late, his Summer has a ſpice of Winter in it. The miſchief on't is, that every day will leave him a worſe practitioner than other, and time, which uſes to ſoften other hardſhips, will daily make yours more inſupportable.

What is it then that cou'd induce your Ladyſhip to pitch upon ſo rigorous a pennance, which your very Enemies, (were it poſſible for you to have any) wou'd never have impos'd upon you? Since your Body can be no gainer by this wicked match, one would imagin you did it for the benefit of your Soul; but Religion produces no ſuch miracles in this age, whatever it has done formerly. 'Tis enough now if people ſtick to it while they get by the bargain; for few, very few, even of thoſe that wear her Cloath and eat her Bread, will be loſers for her.

'Tis, in ſhort, the deſire of unrighteous Mammon that has drawn this ſervitude upon you.

you. You took this nauſeous Pill only for the ſake of the gilding. That pale-fac'd mettal, to purchaſe which our Merchants ranſack every corner of the world, make you take up with this leaky batter'd Veſſel; but with this difference, that whereas they are at liberty to ſhift their Climate as they ſee fit, you have confin'd your ſelf to the Latitude of 70, and have ſettled in a Country, which is eternally cover'd with Snow, and affords no proſpect of a Spring. All that your humble Servants can do, is to wiſh that your Tyrants Reign may be but of ſhort continuance,, which is the daily prayer of ——

Lyſander.

LETTER XIV.

June 2. 92.

To Mr *P*——

---Jucundiſſime Willielme

Ni te plus oculis meis amarem.

IF I did not love you better than our Stateſmen do a new Plot, a Fop a new Faſhion, and the Wou'd-be-wits at *Wills* do a new Criticiſm, I wou'd never leave a parcel of honeſt fellows that are now duſting it about, to retire to a corner by my ſelf, and ſend you the tranſactions of *Hartfordſhire*.

So much by way of Preface, without which even a Letter to a Friend now adays, not to mention thoſe unwieldy things call'd Epiſtles Dedicatory, is thought as naked, as an Archdeacon's Hat would be thought by the Country people, without a Roſe in't.

I have now paſs'd juſt two tedious months in the Country, and cannot forbear now and then to cry out, with a little alteration from the words of our beloved *Horace*,

O urbs quando ego te aſpiciam, quandoque licebit
Phyllide nunc pulchra, nunc Bacchi divite ſucco
Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ !

The effects of this curſed War appear no where ſo lamentably as they do in theſe parts of the world. In *London* you only find it in your Gazettes and News-papers. You have the Play-houſe to divert you, and the Taverns are as much crowded as ever. Here we have company indeed, and drink; but when we conſider how much the latter is degenerated from what it was in the time of Peace, it palls our mirth, and we are as heavy-hearted as the *Jews* of old were at the ſight of their Second Temple.

The Wine, in thoſe few places where we find it, is ſo intolerably bad, that tho 'tis good for nothing elſe, 'tis a better argument for Sobriety, than what all the Volumes of Morality can afford. My Companion, *Jack Freeman*, who you know is a Libertine in his nature, ſays it ought to be employ'd only in ſacred uſes, for whatever preparation it deſerves before hand, it never fails of giving a man a weeks repentance afterwards. The Duce take me, if in ſome of my

my ſullen moments I don't envy a *London* Fly, I don't mean an inhabitant of *Smithfield* or *Wapping*, but one that tipples in a creditable Tavern ſomewhere about the *Exchange* or *Temple-bar*. Where this ſorry ſtuff is not to be had, we are forc'd in our own defence to take up with Punch; but the ingredients are as long a ſummoning, as a Captain wou'd be recruiting his Regiment. In my conſcience the King might ſooner get a Convocation of honeſt diſ-intereſted Church-men together. We muſt ſend to a Market-Town five mile off for Sugar and Nutmeg, and five mile beyond that for rotten Lemons. Water itſelf is not to be had without travelling a league for't, and an unſanctify'd Kettle ſupplies the place of a Bowl. Then when we have mix'd all theſe noble ingredients, which, generally ſpeaking, are as bad as thoſe the Witches in *Mackbeth* jumble in the Caldron together to make a Charm, we fall too contentedly, and ſport off an afternoon. 'Tis true, our heads ſuffer for't next morning, but what is that to an o'd Soldier? We air our ſelves next morning on the Common, and the ſin and the pain are forgotten together.

At other times we do pennance in ſtale *March*-beer, which fills and clogs, but never inſpires. If it gives any mirth, 'tis ſickly and faint like the light one receives from burnt Brandy and our ſmiles like thoſe of the moody *Almanzor* in the Play, are hardly to be diſtinguiſh'd from

from a frown. This courſe of life we led till our ſtock was all exhauſted at home, and then 'twas with us in the caſe of drink, what it was formerly between *Mahomet* and the Mountain upon another occaſion. If the drink won't come to us, we muſt e'en go to the drink, and that we do with a witneſs; for we make longer pilgrimages to a Tub of Ale, than a Jeſuit would undergo to make a Royal Convert. Our director in theſe matters is an honeſt Parſon of the neighbourhood, one that has made a ſhift to get a red Noſe and a double Chin in the ſervice of the Church, tho he has but thirty pound a year, and to keep his Palate orthodox, and ſtill in tune, he carries the tip of a dry'd Neat's tongue always in his pocket. He has ſome acquaintance with Books and Critical Learning, and pretends to have diſcover'd a falſe reading in *Minutius Felix*, which has hitherto eſcapt all the *German* Commentators. 'Tis that famous paſſage *non magna loquimur ſed vivimus.* He ſays and proves it by the context, that it ought to be *bibimus*, and has brought us all to be of his opinion. In ſhort, you may talk of your Secretaries of State and Miniſters as long as you pleaſe, but he's a perſon of the moſt univerſal intelligence I had ever the honour to be acquainted with. No ſooner does one Tub decline, but he has his Emiſſaries to tell him when another is fit to bleed; and thus ten mile round him.

Then

Then we Saddle our Horſes, and make as much haſte to examine the Veſſel, as a Meſſenger does to ſeize a Delinquent come from *France*.

Having thus tir'd you with our drinking, you expect, I ſuppoſe, to have an account of our Women. I was five days in this Family, before I ſaw one female face. Whatever the matter is, they are as ſhy of being ſeen by a *Londoner*, as a *Dutch* Trooper, the modeſteſt animal in the Univerſe, is of meeting a *French* Dragooner in *Flanders*. But t'other morning, as I walk'd in the Garden, I heard a ſqueakiug Treble murder a Play-houſe tune, at leaſt as old as herſelf; however it was new here; and preſently after, a thing in a Commode look'd out of the Window, but as merrily as King *Charles* the Second peeps out of the Royal Oak in a Country Sign. The Governeſs of the Caſtle at laſt believ'd we were no Monſters, and reſolved to give us the honour of her Company. I never ſaw ſo diminutive a Creature in my days; when ſhe came into the Dining-room between her two ſtrapping Daughters, that were at leaſt 6 Foot high, ſhe look'd, methinks, like a pair of Snuffers between two Monument Candleſticks. After the firſt ſalutation was over, ſhe complain'd of the Taxes, and the ſins of the age, that occaſion'd them; but for all her Sanctity, the old Gentlewoman thought it no ſin it ſeems, to paint; which ſhe had laid

laid on as thick as an Author does flattery in a Dedication. The *Fucus* had beſtow'd ſome red upon her Cheeks, by the ſame token it made them guilty of a piece of falſe Chronology. It made a reſemblance of youth amongſt furrows and wrinkles; ſo I cou'd not help thinking upon ſome of *Varelſt*'s pieces, where you ſee Winter and Summer flowers, that never grow together, joyn'd in one Picture. But for all that, 'twas a very godly diſcreet old Lady. She ask'd us a thouſand queſtions about the Funds, and the Lotteries, and whether ſhe might diſpoſe her Money ſafely to the Government? No doubt on't, Madam, The Confederates and we are a hundred thouſand ſtrong in *Flanders*. Beſides, *Ruſſel* has play'd the Devil with them at Sea. The Meſſieurs one of theſe days will come upon their knees to ſupplicate for a Peace. And ſo we parted for that time.

A few days after, this old Lady deſir'd *Jack Freman* and me to bear her and her daughters company to a Wedding in the neighbouring Village. At the very mention of a Wedding we rejoyced as much as the people in *Cornwall* do at the news of a wreck. So down we went to the Farmer's Houſe, whoſe heir apparent was to be matrimonially bound to his good behaviour. The Bride was a fat freſh coloured wench, well built and ruddy, and a great painstaker

taker (to uſe *Harry Higden*'s word) I dare warrant for her The Husband Elect look'd ſomewhat grum upon the matter, as knowing how much buſineſs he had upon his hands. To be ſhort, we ſaw 'em conducted to the Enchanted Caſtle, where the ſacred Magician perform'd his office; when he came to the terrible words you wot of, the Bridegroom look'd as pale as a Parſon that preaches a ſtoln Sermon at a Viſitation; and the Bride, after the laudable cuſtom of her Sex, dropt a few precious tears, and wip'd them off with her handkerchief. From thence we came back to the old place of Rendezvous, where one wou'd have thought the whole Country was aſſembled to behold the Ceremony; but 'tis an old commendable cuſtom of your mothers all *England* over to bring their Daughters to ſuch a ſight, to prepare them for what they muſt undergo another day; as your Keepers call in their young Dogs at the plucking down of a Stag, to enter them. All Dinner time the Bridegroom and Bride ogled one another like *Adam* and *Eve* in an old Bible-Cut. When that was over, we remov'd into the yard, where we ſhak'd our heels in *Freſco*, and towards the cloſe of the afternoon were interrupted by a parcel of Country fellows, with a Fiddle at the head of them, who gave us a ſpice of their abilities under an Elm-tree. When I firſt ſaw them move, they gave me an image of *Lucretius*'s Atoms,

Atoms, and how they jumbled and interfered in the Vacuum. I cou'd not forbear to make another reflexion upon it, which ſhows upon what chimerical grounds people build their ſatisfaction. Theſe fellows by the pure inſtinct of Nature, did what Mr *Dogget* has learnt to do with pains and long imitation. Yet Mr *Dogget* pleaſes, and we ſhou'd hiſs theſe off the Stage for Scoundrels and Blockheads.

A little before Supper we had a ceſſation of Fiddles, and our old Lady, whoſe Piety and Ptiſic made her equally troubleſome to herſelf and all the world beſides began the diſcourſe with complaining of the ſtrange debaucheries of the men, and to ſhew her wonderful charity was pleas'd to affirm, that not one man in five hundred that had been bred at *London*, but had paſs'd the Chirurgeons hands two or three times before the day of Marriage. Well, the Lord be praiſed, ſays a Gentlewoman newly marry'd that ſat next her, I have no reaſon to complain of my Husband, he is no drunkard, make me thankful for't, nor given to lewd Company, and what few of my neighbours can ſay, I am ſure he never knew any Woman before my ſelf. Sure on't, cries *Jack Freeman*, riſing up and bowing to her. For Heaven's ſake, Madam, how was it poſſible? For *Moſes*, Madam — Pugh! Says ſhe, what do ye tell me of *Moſes* — With ſubmiſſion, Madam, *Moſes* was an honeſt Gentleman, and tho he

he has ſet down certain marks by which a Man may know whether his Wife comes a Maid to him——Lord what ſtuff is here——Yet he no where inſtructs the Women to know whether the Men have been treſpaſſing before——No matter for that——Did you believe him then upon his own word——I won't tell you whether I did or no——Or did you diſcover him to be a Virgin, as we do a raw undiſciplin'd Souldier——How is that——Why, Madam, by the awkward handling of his Arms, and making his attacks irregularly. With that all the men fell a laughing, and the women bluſht behind their Fans. But this was not enough for *Jack Freeman*, for with an aſſurance equal to that of a thorough-pac'd Evidence, tho he never ſaw this womans Husband in his life before, yet, as if he had been one of his old intimate acquaintance, he thus went on—Indeed Madam I can't tell what ſtories Mr *N*— might tell you of his own Virtue, and all that, but I knew him perfectly well at the Univerſity. He and I, Madam, were of the ſame College; I believe we have drank this room full of Bottled Ale together, and we took him for no Saint there. There went a ſcurvy report of him, but I won't juſtifie it, becauſe Fame's a common Harlot, and a Lyar *ab initio*. But the report, was I remember, that he was very great with his Bed-maker. No tawdry young Creature, I muſt do him that

but a juſtice grave ſtayed diſcreet perſon. A Venerable old Matron upon my word, and fit to have made a Wife for *Burgerſdicius*, if ever you heard of him. She wore about her a girdle, ſome threeſcore and ten Keys, which when ſhe walked made as delicious Muſic as a Garriers Bells. And Madam we had a Tradition amongſt us, that he ſeduced this antient Perſon with Nine-pence; in hard mony, and a pair of blue worſted Stockins, but God forbid, that I ſhould affirm this, yet for all I know, it may be true. For, Madam, all fleſh is frail. Upon this the Company laughed as heartily as before; the poor Gentlewoman looked blank in the mouth, but Supper came very ſeaſonably to her relief. So to eating we fell, then the fiddles ſtruck up and we danced till ten. At which time the old people, taking the Bride's caſe into their pious conſideration, whoſe concupiſcence had ſtood upon tip-toes ever ſince the Parſon had put her into the Church-pound, took her up ſtairs, and as Mr. *Otway* ſays, diſhed her neatly in bed. What happen d afterwards you may eaſily gueſs.

'Tis a ſign you don't know when you are well, otherwiſe you wou'd not long ſo furiouſly to be here only upon the ſcore of the Country Nymphs, as you call them; for I dare engage you'd ſoon wiſh yourſelf at home again. A raw Wench here in the Country, not to recount to

you a thouſand other impertinences, before you can bring her to bear, will put you to the Devil and all of expence in perjury. All which is ſav'd in *London.* The Women there are better bred than to ask it of you, or elſe know the world too well to depend upon't. Produce but the half piece, and they trouble their heads no farther about you. But here you muſt run through as ſtrict a ſcrutiny, as if you were to take a poſt of the greateſt truſt in the Government——And my Dear will you be everlaſtingly true to me—No doubt on't Child——But when you've ſerv'd your turn you'll leave me for ſome body elſe——But indeed I won't——It wou'd break my heart if you ſhou'd——Never fear it——Swear then, my Dear—Why there's no occaſion—But you ſhall ſwear, dear Rogue, now your Honey bids you, or——So then you are oblig'd to part with as many Oaths in a moment, as wou'd handſomely maintain one of the Kings Majeſtys Garriſons for a twelvemonth. Now this is very hard upon the Subject, eſpecially the tender-conſcienc'd. Nay, to give you the laſt proof of their ill breeding, in the critical minute of joy, when they ought to be all rapture and contemplation, then, even then, when they ſhou'd be wrapt up in holy ſilence, they'll ask you a thouſand fooliſh queſtions, as *mal a propos*, as if one ſhou'd interrupt a Popiſh Prieſt at the Elevation, and ask him what

a

a clock it is. You complain that the Damoſels with you dreſs too fine, and that a pretty woman, ſet out in all the advantages of art, is too luſcious a diſh to feed upon, and as bad as Sack and Sugar. I can anſwer for no body's palat but my own: and cannot help ſaying with the fat Knight in *Harry* the Fourth. If Sack and Sugar is a ſin, the Lord have mercy on the wicked.

During my ſtay in theſe parts, I have reconcil'd my ſelf to all the ſports of the Country, but Fox-hunting. They have got me out twice upon that account, but if ever they get me again, I'll give them leave to hang me. For my part, I believe ſome Prieſt firſt invented it, becauſe it requires ſo much implicit Faith, and the drudgery is ſo ſtupid. A man muſt venture his neck for a thing he never ſees, and when he has got it, 'tis not worth his while. And this doctrine I daily preach to the Gentlemen, but they mind me no more than the Bankers in *Lumbard-ſtreet* did the zealous *David Jones* declaiming againſt Uſury.

Thus I have plagu'd you with a tedious long Letter, which I have not patience enough to look over again, and going to make excuſes for it, am interrupted by the following Compliments— What a plague are you doing all this while by yourſelf——Here we have ſcor'd you ten Glaſſes—Come, or we ſhall lay a heavier fine upon you— Thus I am forc'd to conclude with ſubſcribing my ſelf, *Your Humble Servant.*

LETTER XV.

To Sir *John* ★★★

From the *Crown.*

WE are at the Tavern, and have your caſe under our preſent conſideration. 'Tis concluded on all hands that you can neither juſtifie your preſent way of living to yourſelf, nor yet to the publick, which ought to be of ſome regard with all lovers of their Country. You are got into the modern foppery of Keeping, and behold what are the ſentiments of this honourable board about it.

Mr .... who you know is a Poet, deliver'd himſelf in the language of his Profeſſion. He maintain'd that, whatever the wicked world thought to the contrary, a Miſs was as much inferiour to a Wife, as the *Pindaric* Muſe is to the *Epic*; that one is a Whore without Stayes, whereas the other is a civil well-bred perſon, that always wears them.

Mr ..... who is likewiſe a Son of *Parnaſſus*, deſir'd me to tell you, that a Miſs and a Wife diſ-

fer

fer only as a ſingle Epigram, and a large Collection of Poems, *viz.* that a man ſooner rids his hands of one than the other. But that, as *Martial* has long ago declar'd his opinion in the latter caſe,

Quid prodeſt brevitas, dic mihi, ſi liber eſt.

That is to ſay, what the plague is a man the better for the ſhortneſs of a Diſtich, if he obliges himſelf to read a whole Cart-load of them; ſo he deſires to know where lies the mighty advantage of a Whore above a lawful Spouſe, if the Spark keeps conſtant to her; and if he does not, where is the ſenſe of keeping her in pay.

Mr .... expreſt himſelf againſt the predominant ſin of Keeping, to this effect. Of all the vices the preſent age is to anſwer for, nothing comes near it, and yet the Sots make merry with Marriage; which is full as ridiculous as if Dr *Chamberlain* ſhould laugh at the Bank of *England* for paying people in Paper. If Marriage is expenſive, Keeping is certainly more, and with leſs pretence. I knew, ſays he, a Gentleman that lov'd Gaming as he did his eyes. One night he loſt a hundred and fifty Guinea's at the *Groom-Porter's*. When he came home he found his Lady in the Parlour, with two Candles burning before her. Lord! Wife, ſays he, what a ſtrange extravagance is this: Two Candles lighted at a time, and houſe-keeping ſo chargeable? But he forgot,

it ſeems, what his ſhaking of his elbow had coſt him that evening. This is the caſe of all Keepers; what our Churchmen charge the Diſſenters with, is actually true of them, they ſtartle at a Gnat, but can ſwallow an Elephant.

Right, ſays *Harry* . . . . Keeping is the greateſt Soleciſm a man of pleaſure can commit, If the Gallant is true to his Miſtris, it has all the Phlegm, and if he is fond of her, all the expence of Matrimony. In ſhort, I have an equal averſion to Marriage and Keeping. They differ only like *Holbourn* and *Cornhil*: Both are ſtreets. But to do Sir *John* juſtice, the latter is nothing near ſo long as the former.

That is as it happens, crys virtuous Mr . . . for I can ſhow you ſeveral perſons about the Town that parted fairly with their Wives before the firſt month was over, and yet cou'd endure to cohabit with their Harlots many years. But imagination governs all theſe matters. For my part, I think of Women as I do of Books, the fineſt of both ſorts will hardly endure a thorough examination. If they find more favour than this, they may thank the Courteous Reader for it, who ſees more in them than they deſerve. I remember I took Mr *Waller* and Sir *John Denham* laſt Vacation down with me into the Country. I read them over, and what was a conſequence of that, I was weary of them. You may laugh at me for a man of a vicious palate, but I can't help that.

Be-

Before I came to Town I was glad to borrow *Weſley*'s execrable Poem of the Parſon of the Pariſh, only for variety.

Tho I am not wholly of your opinion, ſays Mr .... to him, yet I agree with you that Keeping is nonſenſe all over, and that for a reaſon which none of you have yet aſſign'd. Sir *Henry Wooton*'s Definition of an Ambaſſador in part belongs to him. *Legatus eſt vir bonus ad mentiendum foris Reip. gratia.* And a Keeper is a good man to maintain a pretty woman in fine Cloaths, handſome Lodgings, and all that, for the public benefit of the Commonwealth.

Mr .... the Merchant is in our company, who has travell'd abroad, and ſeen the world: He ſays that a Whore in the Civil State is what Farthings are in the buſineſs of Trade, only to be us'd for the convenience of ready Change. But that a Man, that makes a Whore, if not his conſtant Wife, yet his conſtant Companion, and a Government that makes Farthings their only current Money, will ſoon be convinc'd of the vanity of their politicks. And he ſaid *Ireland* was lately a ſad inſtance of the latter.

What vexes me moſt, ſays .... is to hear theſe Keeping Coxcombs magnifie themſelves upon their diſcretion. I ſave charges by it, crys one——

Yes, replies his neighbour, they are as much ſavers by the bargain, as one that goes down to *Tunbridge* or the *Bath*, to ſave his expences in

Town. But ſince this point has been ſpoken to already, I will ſay no more to it. Only give me leave, Gentlemen, to capp the ſtory of the two Candles, with another like it. A brace of Country Attorneys went into a Tavern one morning to take a whet, and becauſe they had not ſeen one another for a Term or two, they drank to the tune of eleven Pints. At laſt one of them call'd for a *French* Roll: Why Brother, ſays the other, are you not aſham'd to inflame the Reckoning? Let the Keepers apply this.

Well, but I ſcape Confinement by it, ſays another——I don't know that, ſays Mr *N*—— for I think a man is as much a Priſoner by a Gout or Rheumatiſm of his own begetting, as if the Government had confin'd him. What ſignifies it a farthing to one in this caſe, whether the Prieſt tyes the knot, or he does it himſelf? 'Tis true, the confinement of Keeping does not laſt ſo long as that of Marriage, but it devours more in a month than the other does in a year. It's like falling into the hands of the *Black Rod*, or a *Sergeant* of the *Houſe*, where the Fees run ſo high, that you ſpend more in a few weeks, than wou'd handſomely maintain you in another Priſon all your life. But to ſee by what Chimera's the world is manag'd. Matrimony is Hell in Folio, becauſe it's a charm that can't be diſſolved when a man pleaſes. At the ſame time thoſe that Keep can ſometimes ſubmit to a confinement full as long

long and ſevere; yet bear it eaſily, becauſe forſooth 'tis of their own ordering. This puts me in mind of the famous Citizen of *Paris*, who had paſſed threeſcore long years within the City-walls, and never had the leaſt inclination to make a ſtep into the Country. So ſoon as he heard that his Prince had commanded him never to ſtir out of it, he diſcreetly dy'd with the thoughts of being a Priſoner. There are Penitents in *Spain*, who on certain days of mortification laſh themſelves as heartily as any of our *Newgate* Rogues are whipt by the public Executioner. 'Tis certain the pain and anguiſh are the ſame. But one does it voluntarily, and the other cannot help it. What pretty Salvos a fruitful imagination can find out

Thus far, Sir *John*, we have given you our thoughts of Keeping in general, without deſcending to particulars; but now we come to conſider your own caſe more nearly. To the ſurprize of all your friends, you have pitch'd upon a Daughter of the Stage, upon an Actreſs, to ſhow your particular favours to; and pray be pleas'd to hear what the company thinks of it.

Mr ... who next to Mr *Rymer* is the beſt Hiſtorian about the Town, ſays that this tranſaction of your life will be bound up with the Annals of *Goatam* in the next age; becauſe to pretend to confine a She-Player to one's ſelf, is altogether of a piece with hedging in a Cuckow.

Mr

Mr . . . . the Poet firſt mentioned, prov'd out of the antient Records of *Parnaſſus*, that all Actreſſes belong to thoſe of his Profeſſion; and that if a Lay perſon pretended to lay his unhallow'd hands upon her, he was guilty of making an Impropriation, and ought to be indicted in *Apollo's* Spiritual Court.

Mr . . . . of the *Temple*, who, tho he never goes to *Weſtminſter*, is nevertheleſs an Oracle of the Law, pretends that your Caſe comes within the Statute of Monopolies, that you have done as bad as incloſed a Common, and that all the lovers of *Magna Charta* ought to break down the Fence.

'Tis but fit it ſhould be ſo, cries another, for he that pretends to confine a Damoſel of the Theatre to his own uſe, who by her character is a perſon of an extended qualification, acts as unrighteous, at leaſt as unnatural a part, as he that wou'd debauch a Nun: that after all, ſuch a Spark rather conſults his Vanity than his Love, and wou'd be thought to ingroſs what all the young Coxcombs of the Town admire and covet.

Captain . . . . ended this ſerious debate: He ſaid, that whoever gave pay to a Woman or a Souldier expected they ſhould prove faithful to him. Now, continued he, to expect fidelity from a Female that has been rais'd up in that Hot Bed call'd a Play-houſe, is to expect honeſty from an Evidence. 'Tis a folly not to be excus'd. 'Tis

to

to bottle up Air, like *Shadwell*'s Virtuoſo. 'Tis to waſh a Blackamoor. 'Tis to make Dr *Otes rectus in curia.* 'Tis, in ſhort, to graſp at more than attaining an impoſſibility; for 'tis impoſſible to ſecure any other Woman to your ſelf, but much more an Actreſs.

Thus we have ſent you, Sir *John*, the opinion of the *Committee* of our whole Houſe upon this occaſion. You are deſired to conſider of it cooly by your ſelf; and when you have ſo done, if 'tis poſſible repent; otherwiſe do like ſome of our Divines when they contradict what they formerly aſſerted, and ſtand buff to it.

Tom .... wou'd have you meet us to morrow night at the *Roſe*, where he pretends to attack you with ſo many arguments againſt the Female Sex, that he does not queſtion to make you a Proſelyte to the Bottle.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

The Anſwer.

Gentlemen,

I Find I have a whole *Poſſe Comitatus* to encounter; but I rely ſo much upon the goodneſs of my Cauſe, that without calling in the aſſiſtance of my Brother-Keepers, without giving my ſelf the trouble to repel numbers by numbers, I don't queſtion but that I am able in my own ſingle perſon to maintain the field againſt you.

You are divided, Gentlemen, like all other Aſſemblies, in your opinions: Some of you ſeem to favour Marriage, but declare againſt Keeping: Some of you denounce War equally againſt both, and conſequently muſt ſet up for Fornication at large. I make this Inference, becauſe my Charity won't ſuffer me to believe that any of you are ſuch rank Infidels as to diſcard the Sex by wholeſale. If I thought you had any of that complexion among you, yet I ſhould not think it worth my while to diſpute them into better ſenſe. 'Tis an old received

ceiv'd Axiom, you know, that *contra negantem Principia non eſt diſputandum.*

As for the former Gentlemen, I mean thoſe that have ſome reſpect for Marriage, but are utter enemies to Keeping, they wou'd oblige me to prove that lying at an Inn, where a man ſtays no longer than he finds himſelf well uſed, and the place agreeable, is half ſo chargeable or fooliſh, as ſtaying there all one's life, let the entertainment be what it will. There are certainly degrees in confinement, and the *Fleet* is not altogether ſo Pagan and uncomfortable a place, as *Sally*, or *Algiers*. Oh! but Imagination governs all theſe matters. If, as we have frequent inſtances of it in Hiſtory, Imagination can kill as effectually as a Blunderbuſs loaded with a dozen Bullets, deliver me, I ſay, from the hands of that Tyrant Imagination. But tho this is anſwer enough to ſo trifling an objection, yet, Gentlemen, I will prove that there's ſomething more than bare Imagination in the caſe. A Miſs's Patent runs *durante bene placito*, and ſhe lyes eternally at the mercy of her Patron. A Wife has a Leaſe of your Body for term of Life, and has no ſuch obligations upon her to keep within bounds. One like an open Town can make no reſiſtance, and conſequently has no Temptation or Intereſt to rebel. A Wife is a ſort of a Garriſon, fortify'd by Law and Act of Parliament, which the Soveraign can't diſmantle when he pleaſes. She lies ſecure behind that unrighteous Bulwark

call'd

call'd a *Settlement*, which is made as ſtrong as the *Weſtminſter-hall*-Engineers can contrive it, and tho ſhe's never ſo plainly convicted of revolting from her lawful Maſter, and holding an Intelligence with the Enemy, ſhe forfeits neither Life nor Limb; nay, ſhe can challenge a ſubſiſtence as long as ſhe lives. This, I think, ſhews with a witneſs that there's a vaſt difference between Marriage and Keeping; but to diſmiſs this point, were a Wife never ſo ſincere, and never ſo ſubmiſſive, yet there's a Duty in the caſe. Conſider what I ſay Gentlemen, there's duty in the caſe, in which ſingle word there's dulneſs and impotence, and death and deſolation, and, in ſhort, every thing that inſpires horror, and caſts a damp upon pleaſure. 'Tis as bad as the *Mene Tekel* on the Wall, the very name carries a Palſy with it. It puts people upon unlawful evaſions, it makes them think on other folks, when their thoughts ſhou'd be at home, and leads them to commit downright Adultery in the Nuptial Sheets.

Even that Pink of Courteſie, Sir *John Falſtaff* in the Play, who never was a niggard of his Lungs, yet wou'd not anſwer one word when the *Muſt* was put upon him. *Were Reaſons*, ſays that affable Knight, *as cheap as Black-berries I wou'd not give you one upon compulſion*, which is but another word for Duty. And now we are upon this Chapter, Gentlemen, give me leave to copy from you, and tell you a ſhort ſtory. A Nobleman, who ſhall be nameleſs, in King *Charles*

Charles the Second's time kept a Chaplain, that was a Rakehell enough in all Conſcience. He wou'd break windows, kick and cuff, get drunk and ſwear, and do all the boiſterous things you can think of, as uncanonically as any of his cloath. This fellow had not liv'd a full month with my Lord, by the ſame token that they kept him as hot as a Glaſs-houſe all the while, but, weary it ſeems of his reception, he came ſtaggering into the Room where my Lord was drinking with ſome friends; Ifaith my Lord, ſays he, you and I muſt part, before *George* we muſt. Why ſo, Doctor, have not I us'd you with all the civility—You miſtake me, my good Lord, I love Drunkenneſs as well as ever a Peer of you all; but a plague I hate the thoughts of being forc'd to mount the Guard every night, I hate to be confin'd to it. You make Drunkenneſs a Duty, my Lord, and conſequently a Virtue, and I'd have you know I hate all Virtue—Pray let me adviſe you to think of this at your leiſure.

I come now to thoſe worthy Gentlemen, who are againſt Incloſures of all ſorts, and fall upon the firſt Game they can ſtart. Not to call their judgments in queſtion, which they never put to the expence of chooſing for them, I wou'd fain be inform'd why a man ſhou'd be ſo foolhardy as to expoſe himſelf to the *fortune de la guerre*, when there's no occaſion for it; or what mighty

mighty ſatisfaction there is in coming off with the loſs of an Arm or a Leg, when he might have kept himſelf ſafe. Were there no ſuch things as Diſeaſes in the World, and had *Columbus* never diſcover'd the *Indies*, perhaps I might be reconcil'd to this ſort of life: but as I am a profeſt Diſciple of *Epicurus*, I wou'd by my good will husband every moment to the beſt advantage: for this reaſon I ſcorn to take up Pleaſure, as young Prodigals do Money, at fifty *per Cent.* Intereſt; and 'tis for this very reaſon that I abominate Drunkenneſs, the only Pander that can make you ſwallow intreaguing in common, becauſe a man gives half an hours ſeeming ſatisfaction, and two or three days real ſickneſs.

I am now arriv'd to the laſt part of my Indictment, where you play all your ſmall ſhot at me, becauſe I have thought fit to be particular with an Actreſs. Some of you pretend that ſuch ſuch a choice has more Vanity than Love in it. Admit it has, yet I ſhall never be aſham'd to act upon ſo honeſt and ſo univerſal a principle. What firſt ſet up a Coach and ſix, but Vanity? My Lady might ſhow herſelf to as much advantage in a Chariot and two; and if my Lord wou'd condeſcend now and then to beat the hooff, as his predeceſſors did before him, it wou'd not be the worſe for his Honour's health. What introduc'd Perriwigs as big as Hay-cocks, when the Border, of venerable memory,

ry, wou'd have ſerved the turn as well, or what juſtifies thoſe Gigantick grievances called Commodes, but variety? In ſhort, what furniſhes luxury, and ſets off magnificence, what plunders every corner of the world, and puts us upon ranſacking every Element, but this very ſame inſpirer of all our motions, for which you wiſely condemn me. You may rail at variety as long as you pleaſe, but I wou'd not give a farthing for a Woman, whom all the Town does not deſire to lye with. For this reaſon I wou'd have her frequently ſeen by all the young fellows, and my ſelf that enjoy her, pointed at in the ſtreets, and envy'd by all that know me. This ſets an edge upon a mans inclination, tho it flagg'd never ſo much before, and makes his Miſtreſs ſtill new and charming, becauſe ſtill deſir'd by others. Indeed ſome of you are pleas'd to call the Play-houſe a Hot Bed. If this were any reproach, ſo are the Exchanges, and the Boarding-Schools; and ſo, in ſhort, is all *London*, and ten miles about it. I was in my paſſion going to ſay all the Iſland; and if I had ſaid it, I think in my Conſcience I had not been guilty of Scandal. After all, if the Play-houſe is a Hot Bed, ſo much the better: for I have a mortal averſion to coldneſs, and every thing that reſembles it. But to expect Conſtancy from a She Player! I always thought them made of the ſame ingredients with the reſt of their Sex,

and if they have not their Hypocrisie to answer for, I think 'tis a sign of their discretion at least. Tis an Article of my Creed, that no Woman is constant but she that finds it her Interest to be so. If that cannot keep my Damosel within due bounds I shall never break my heart for the matter.

And to conclude this Letter, if I must be cheated, which I am afraid is the case of us all, I had rather it shou'd be done by a *Jew*, from whom we expect it, and whose Profession it is, than by a sniveling precise Villain, that has a Text for doing it. Gentlemen, I am

Your most humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

To his Miſtreſs, that ſhow'd his Letters to his Rival. By Mr *A*----

YOur barbarous and unjuſt uſage of me has had this good effect, tho I am not at all oblig'd to you for it, as to make me a very good Chriſtian. I was in a fair way to commit Idolatry, and to pay my adoration in a wrong place, ſo far had a gay outſide impos'd upon me. But, Madam, you have abſolutely cured me of this ſuperſtitious blindneſs, and now I can plainly diſcover the Fiend, where I imagin'd a little before, that nothing but a Goddeſs inhabited.

Since my eyes have been thus open'd, I can look upon the faireſt of your Sex, without finding the leaſt emotion in my heart, and the moſt beautiful Woman of Heaven's making, affects me no more than one of Sir *Godfry*'s. Nay, in ſome reſpect the Copy may be ſaid to exceed the original. It has as fair and charming an outſide, but nothing of that vanity and im-

pertinence, nothing of that Hypocriſie, Malice, and Diſſimulation, which make up the compoſition of the other.

I dare appeal to yourſelf, who are none of the moſt impartial Judges in the world, whether I ever ſaid, or did, or writ one misbecoming thing to you. Paſſion, perhaps, which intoxicates no leſs than Wine, might betray one to ſome exceſſes, but ſtill they were to your advantage, on which ſcore you were oblig'd, if not to forgive them, yet at leaſt to bury them in ſilence. I never approach'd you but with a ſacred awe, and always repreſented a Divinity to my ſelf, when ever I took Pen in Hand, to acquaint you with the ſentiments of my Soul. If my incenſe was not of the firſt ſort, (for I am humble enough to believe, that you might have receiv'd much better from a thouſand other hands) yet the ſincerity of him that offer'd it, ought to have cover'd him from your diſpleaſure. Tho you diſlike my flame, yet in common Charity you might have ſuffer'd it to expire in its own Urn. If you were reſolv'd to puniſh it for aſpiring ſo high, one ſingle frown would have extinguiſht it, or at leaſt ſecur'd you from being troubled with it any longer: but to divert yourſelf and my Rival at the expence of an unhappy Lover, who was then bleeding for you, to publiſh his infirmities only occaſion'd by the violence of his paſſion, Oh thou downright Devil, I ſhould ſay Woman, was

cruel

cruel to the laſt degree; and ſuch uſage, that the worſt of Princes never treated the worſt of Subjects with. But Heaven be praiſed, it awaken'd every reſentment about me, and in ſpite of my weakneſs, gave me courage enough to tear you from my heart, which you had ſo unjuſtly uſurped.

But I forgot, Madam, that you made me a Chriſtian, ſo to ſhew that I am ſtill in perfect charity with you, I hope, and that without any reſerve, to ſee you marry'd to my Rival. Since your vanity takes ſuch delight to be addreſs'd, the very next day after the Prieſt has joyn'd your hands, may you receive more Letters from your pretended or real admirers, than are ſent to a Secretaty of State after the firſt diſcovery of a Plot. May you ſhew them to your Husband, in hopes he will challenge one of the Sparks and fall in your quarrel. May they have that effect as to Fly-blow him in the jealous ſide of his head, but may he never think you worth the while to venture the cutting off a finger in the defence of your honour. Still may the Sparks perſecute you with their Billets, and ſtill may he think 'em to be of your own contriving, and treat you accordingly In ſhort, may he and you live long, exceeding long together, and may providence ſo influence all his actions, as to make him an inſtrument of doing Juſtice to you, and to the

Much Injur'd, J. S.,

LETTER XVIII.

From a Beau, diſſwading his Brother Beau to go to *Flanders.*

ALL the Chocolat-Houſes at this end of the Town are exceedingly ſurpriz'd at the inhumane reſolution thou haſt taken of paſſing this Campaign in *Flanders*, and talk of going into Mourning for thee. Nay, wou'dſt thou believe it, thoſe brawny Inſenſibles the Chairmen take it to heart, and threaten to renounce Flip and All-Fours, ſince thou haſt decreed to leave *England*. Prithee *Tam* what have the Ladies done, that thou ſhou'dſt be ſo cruel to them? or rather what unweildy ſins haſt thou committed, to be ſo barbarous to thy ſelf? For my part, I look upon thee to be bewitch'd, for I cannot otherwiſe account for thy madneſs. Thou haſt no Religion to fight for, that's certain; and there are Liberty and Property-Fools enough in the Nation without thee to help to encreaſe their numbers.

Lord! what will the degeneracy of this Age come to? That a Gentleman that underſtands Dreſſing

Dreſſing to perfection, and has ſpent ſo many hours at *Lockets*, and the *Blue Poſts*, to cultivate his Palat, ſhou'd ever be ſuch a Sot, as in cold blood, and of his own true accord to viſit that helliſh Country, where the Burgo-maſters and the Boors conſpire between them to infect the very air with their Belches. Rot my Diaphragm if the naſty word has not polluted my Ink, ſo that I am forced to put ſome Orange Water into the Standiſh, to correct the unſavory ſmell. Really *Tam*, to think of the miſeries thou muſt endure this Summer, is as bad as going up to the Monument. It has made me giddy, confound me elſe, and my head turns round like a Weather-cock. In the firſt place, to lye in a damn'd ſneaking Tent, where you can ſcarce turn yourſelf round, with no Curtains to your Bed; nay, not ſo much as a Looking-glaſs in its loweſt ſignification: then no other Pulvilio to ſcent your Perriwig, but the duſt of the Plains and Gun-powder, and to ſtink worſe of the latter, than *Cheapſide* did formerly on a Lord Mayor's Day, upon thoſe unrighteous things call'd Marches, no ſuch convenience as a Chair to be got. For your comfort, *Tam*, you muſt walk through thick and thin with no Waiter behind you to clean your Shoes, among a herd of skirtleſs Raſcals, that ſtink worſe than Pole-cats. Oh let me think no more of them. Beſides, 'tis a million to one, that walking thus in the Sun, will dignify your Face with ſome Pimples. Horrid and hide-

ous! the very thought of a Pimple has ſo diſcompos'd me, that feeling ſomething itch in my Forehead——I muſt beg your pardon *Tam*—if being under the apprehenſions of ſuch a Diſaſter, I now and then make bold to conſult that faithful Oracle my Glaſs——Heaven be prais'd 'tis not ſo bad with me——and yet what the Devil means that little ſpot of red —— 'Tis well 'tis no worſe, I may thank my ſotting for this——Dem it, to drink a whole pint of Claret at a ſitting——Hell and Furies how it encreaſes—— I would not have a Pimple *Tam* for the *Indies*—But 'tis gone after all, and I find my ſuſpicions were in vain.

To come now *Tam* to the Field of Battle, thoſe ill-bred whorſon things call'd Bullets, are no reſpecters of perſons. A pox on them, they obſerve no diſtinction between a fine Gentleman and a Dragooner. Perhaps it would not grieve a man to loſe his life upon a good occaſion, (I ſpeak this by way of ſuppoſition only) but to ſurvive the untimely fate of one's beloved Wig, to ſee one's embroider'd Coat mangled and hack'd, is enough to break the heart of *Hercules* if he were alive, and had a true ſenſe of things. To diſſwade you, if 'tis poſſible, from embarking in this pernicious affair, let me conjure you as a friend, to reflect upon Sir *John Foppington*'s Caſe. About two months ago he put on a milk white Suit, deſigning to ſhew himſelf in it that evening in the Park: and to do Sir *John* juſtice, he never exerted

exerted the brightneſs of his imagination ſo much as he did upon the trimming of it. Coming by *Catherine Street*, a ſawcy impudent Chimney-Sweeper daub'd his Coat. I wonder *Tam*, by the by, that the Parliament never made a five mile Act to baniſh ſuch prophane Villains out of all Corporations, as once they did the Diſſenting Miniſters. But ſo it happen'd as I tell you, and poor Sir *John* immediately went home, and took his Bed upon't. He had all the agonies of a deſpairing ſinner—Come Knight, ſays I, there's no harm I hope, prithee take courage and get up—Good Heavens! my Coat cry'd he—Why there's no danger, but it will recover and do well—Oh that conſounded Chimney-Sweeper —— Providence ſent him to viſit you for your Sins, Sir *John*——But what ill have I done to draw ſuch a judgment upon me —— The ways of Heaven, Sir *John*, are dark and myſterious. *Jack*——I never committed Murther nor Sacriledge in my life, why then ſhould —— So he run on for above ſix hours. All this while we endeavour'd to ſoften his calamity to him, by re-minding him of the inconſtancy of human affairs. We refreſhed his memory with ſtories of Kings depoſed, and famous Monarchies ſubverted, but 'twas all in vain; he could not be perſwaded to live, till the Scowrer had taken his Oath before a Juſtice of Peace, that the Coat was not a farthing the worſe. Nay, this was not enough, the Taylor was ſent for

for to confirm the Scowrers depoſition; and the Woman of the Houſe, who ſaw him put it on in the morning, muſt ſwear as ſhe hopes to be ſav'd that it was not in the leaſt injur'd.

If this melancholy inſtance, *Tam*, is not enough to deter you from your wicked reſolution, and you have no bowels of compaſſion for the iſſue of your own fancy, meaning your Cloaths; pray retire for a moment or two to your Cloſet, lay your hand upon your heart, and ask it cooly and ſoberly, how it would relliſh that moſt extraordinary accompliſhment, a wooden Leg. Think what a decent figure you'll make in a Ladies Chamber, with ſo fine a qualification. Good Lard, a wooden Leg! 'Tis almoſt as charming as the Devil's Cloven Foot. A Lover made of Fleſh and Blood above, and of Timber below, what an odd compoſition is that! The *Minataur* in the Fable, who was half Man and half Beaſt, was a Cherubim to him. Or *Tam*, if this does not mortify you, pray conſider that there are certain impudent things in an Army call'd Guns, that without asking any queſtions, will demoliſh a mans Noſe, or run away with one of his Arms, or carry off half his Teeth an Under-jaw, and yet there lies no action againſt them for it. Such bleſſings as theſe are to be had in *Flanders*, with due care and application; and *Tam*, you may ſee ſeveral Heroes about the Town, who purchas'd them at no little expence of time and blood at *Steenkirk* and *Landen*. But, *Tam*, if you have any Guts in your Brains, you'll never long to make one of the number. Ha-

Having mentioned the loſs of Arms, Teeth, and Legs, without which, *Tam*, we can neither make our reverences with a good air, nor talk agreeably to the Ladies, nor perform our parts at a Ball. If this won't fright you, 'twould be impertinent to put you in mind that you have another thing ſtill to loſe, and that is your life. For alas, *Tam*, what is life worth, when we have loſt the only thing that maketh the trifle dear to us? As for me, confound my *glandula Pintalis*, if I am not of *Will Eſſence*'s opinion, the greateſt Genius that *Covent Garden* ever produc'd, for exquiſite dreſſing, who us'd to ſay, for his part he knew not what a mans head was good for, but to hang his Hat or his Perriwig on, and that if it were put to his choice, he wou'd as ſoon loſe that as any other part about him; that the chief end of man was to dreſs well; and death itſelf was not ſo formidable as a *Diſhabille*. But whether does this ſubject hurry me, or how came that ſower monoſyllable Death in our Pens way? Faith *Tam*, I dare truſt my thoughts no longer with ſo melancholy a Theme. So hoping you'll be ſo kind to yourſelf, as to conſider more of this matter. I am

Votre tres humble Serviture.

The Shoulder-knot Cabal meets to morrow night near St *James*'s, to do a ſingular act of Juſtice, and to think of ways and means, how to reſtore thoſe long neglected Ornaments. Your Company is expected there.

The

The Contents of the Miſcellany Poems.

The Contented Whore. An Imitation of Ep. 66. *in* Mar. l. 12.
Formoſa Phyllis Nocte cum Mihi tota, *&c.* page 1
Mart. Ep. 20. l. 1. Si memini, fuerant Tibi quatuor, Ælia Dentes. *p.* 3.
Advice to a Vintner. M. Ep. 19. l. 1 *The hint taken from,* Quid te Tucca juvat. Idem.
M. Ep. 5. l. 2. Ne valeam, ſi non totis, Deciane, diebus, &c. *p.* 4.
M. Ep. 61. l. 11. Sit Phlogij an Chione venere Magis, Apta requiris? *p.* 6.
Hor. Ode 8. l. 1. Lydia dic per omnes, *&c.* *p.* 8.
Hor. Ode 11. l. 2. Quid Bellicoſus Cantaber, *&c.* *p.* 9.
Hor. Ode 27. l. 1. Natis in uſum latitiæ Scyphis, &c. *p.* 12.
To Mr Henry Purcel. *p.* 14.
An Ode *in* Hor. *paraphraſed,* Audivere Luce, &c. *p.* 16.
The 10*th* Ode *in* Hor. l. 3. *paraphras'd,* Extremum Tanaim ſi biberes Lyce, &c. *p.* 19
The 26*th* Ode *in* Hor. l. 3. *Paraphras'd,* Vixi puellis Nuper Idoneus, &c. *p.* 23.
The 15*th* Ode *in* Hor. l. 3. *imitated.* Uxor pauperis Ibyci, &c. *p.* 25.
An Epig. *in* Mar. *imitated,* Quæris ſollicitus diu, regaſq; Cui tradas, Lupe, filium, Magiſtro, &c. *p.* 27.
Upon Tom. Shadwel. *p.* 29.

In

The Contents.

In decretum Par. 89. Non de Adulterandis vinis p. 29.
Inſcriptions deſigned for the Dyal in Lincolns Inn Sq. p. 30.
An Ep. *upon a Beau* per idem.
The Song of Go *Perjured Man, ſet by* Dr Blow, *Tranſlated into* Latin: p. 31.
To a Lady that would not grant the laſt favour under cheaper terms than Matrimony p. 32.
On Marriage per idem.
The Fable of the Bat and the Birds, in Imitation of that of the Buzzard in the Hind and Panther, in the year 1689. 35
Againſt the Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience in 87. p. 36.
A Satyr upon a Quack p. 41.
An Inſcription upon a Tobacco Box. p. 47.
An Imitation of it in Engliſh p. 48.
Upon burning ſome Anti-monarchial Books in the year 1691. per Idem.
To Mr D —— *on his ballads* p. 49.
To Mr Higden *upon the ill ſucceſs of his Play,* p. 50.
The Extravagant Lover p. 53.
A Tranſlation of Teucer Salamina, Patremq; cum Fugeret, &c. H O. 7. l. 1. p. 54.
O. 9. l. 1. Hor. *Imit.* Vides ut alta ſtet Nive Candidum &c. *Written in* 85. p. 56.
An Imitation of the 6th O. *in* H. l. 1. Scriberis vario Fortis, &c. hoſtium *in the year* 85 p. 59.
A Prologue ſpoken at Oxon. p. 61.
Epilogue. p. 63.
An Imitation of a Fr. Ode *in* St Euremont's *Works* Tom. 2. p. 66.
To a Gent. that cut off his Hair, and ſet up for a Spark in his old age. p. 67.
Part of a 2d Ode *in* Hor. l. 4. *Tranſlated* p. 68
Henrico Higden Arm. cum Infœliciter Ipſi Comœdia ceſſerit 1693. p. 69.

On

The Contents.

On the Treatment of the modern Drama p. 70.
An Imit. of the 4th Epode *in* Hor. p. 75.

Table to the Miſcellaneous Letters.

A *Letter to the Duke of* Bucks, *by Monſieur* St Euremont *done into* Engliſh. p. 129
To the Dutcheſs of——*by the ſame hand* p. 133.
To Madam——*by the ſame hand.* p. 139.
Letter out of the Reflections of Monſieur Villiers. p. 141.
A Conſolatory Letter to Mr H—— p. 148.
A Letter to W. K. *Eſq;* p. 152.
Some Remarks on marriage. p. 160.
Another Letter to Mr H—— p. 166.
Letter to the Reverend Mr—— *in* Suſſex. p. 177.
Letter by one of the Commons p. 183
Letter to Madam—— *kept by a* Jew *in* Covent Garden, *by Capt.* Gr—— p. 188.
—*From a Gent. in* Holland *to his Friend in* England. p. 191.
—*To a young Lawyer that dabbled in Poetry.* p. 196.
—*From a Vintner in the City to a young Vintner in* Covent Garden. p. 201.
—*To my Lady*—— *that married an old decrepit Widower* p. 310.
—*To Mr* P—— p. 316.
—*To Sir John*—— p. 328.
—*The Anſwer.* p. 336.
—*To his Miſtreſs that ſhewed his Letter to his Rival. By* Mr B—— p. 343
—*From a Beau, diſſwading his brother Beau to go for* Flanders. p. 346

FINIS.

An Elegy *on that Most Orthodox, and Pains-taking Divine, Mr.* Samuel Smith, *Ordinary of* Newgate, *who Died of a* Quinsey *on St.* Bartholomew's-Day, *the* 24*th of* August, 1698.

TYBURN lament, in pensive Sable mourn,
For from the World thy ancient Priest is torn.
Death, cruel Death, thy Learn'd Divine has ended,
And by a *Quinsey* from his Place Suspended.
Thus he expir'd in his *Old* Occupation,
And as he Liv'd, he Dy'd, by *Suffocation.*

Thou, Reverend *Pillar* of the *Tripple-Tree*,
I wou'd say *Post*, for it was prop'd by Thee:
Thou Penny-Chronicler of hasty Fate,
Death's Annalist, Reformer of the State;
Cut-Throat of Texts, and Chaplain of the *Halter*,
In whose Sage Presence Vice it self did falter.
How many Criminals by thee assisted,
Old *Smith*, have been most *Orthodoxly* twisted?

And when they labour'd with a Dying Qualm,
Were decently Suſpended to a Pſalm?
How oft haſt thou ſet harden'd Rogues a *ſqueaking*,
By urging the great Sin of *Sabbath-breaking*;
And ſav'd *Delinquents* from Old *Nick*'s Embraces,
By flaſhing Fire and Brimſtone in their Faces?

Thou waſt a Goſpel-*Smith*, and after Sentence,
Brought'ſt Sinners to the *Anvil* of Repentance;
And tho' they prov'd obdurate at the *Seſſions*,
Coud'ſt *hammer* out of them *moſt ſtrange Confeſſions*.
When *Plate* was ſtray'd, and *Silver Spoons* were miſſing,
And Chambermaid betray'd by *Judas* Kiſſing.

Thy *Chriſtian* Bowels chearfully extended
Toward ſuch, as by their *Mammon* were *befriended*
Tho' *Culprit* in enormous Acts was taken,
Thou wouldſt deviſe a Way to ſave his Bacon.
And if his Purſe could bleed a half Piſtole,
Legit, my *Lord*, *he Reads upon my Soul.*
Spite of thy Charity to Dying Wretches,
Some *Fools* would live to bilk thy *Gallows Speeches*.
But who'd refuſe, that has a taſte of Writing,
To *Hang*, for one Learn'd *Speech* of thy Inditing.
Thou alwayſt hadſt a Conſcientious Itching,
To reſcue Penitents from *Pluto*'s Kitchen:
And haſt Committed upon many a Soul,
A Pious *Theft*, but ſo St. *Auſtin* ſtole.

And

And Shoals of *Robbers* purg'd of ſinful Leven,
By thee were ſet in the *High Road* to Heaven.

With ſeveral *Mayors* haſt thou eat Beef and Muſtard,
And *Frail* Mince-Pyes, and *Tranſitory* Cuſtard.
But now that *Learned* Head, in Duſt is lay'd,
Which has ſo *ſweetly* Sung, and *ſweetly* Pray'd;
Yet tho' thy *Outward* Man is gone and Rotten,
Thy *better* Part ſhall never be forgotten.
While *Newgate* is a Manſion for Good Fellows,
And *Sternhold*'s Rhimes are Murder'd at the Gallows.
While *Holborn*-Cits at Executions gape,
And *Cutpurſe* follow'd is by Man of *Crape*.
While *Grub-ſtreet* Muſe, in Garrets moſt ſublime,
Trafficks in Doggrel, and aſpires to Rhime.
Thy Deathleſs Name and Memory ſhall Reign,
From fam'd St. *Giles*, to *Smithfield*, and *Duck-Lane*.
But ſince thy Death do's general Sorrow give,
We hope thou in thy Succeſſor will live.
Newgate and *Tyburn*, joyntly give their Votes;
Thou mayſt ſucceeded be by Doctor *Oates*.

An Epitaph *upon that Profound and Learned Caſuiſt, the late* Ordinary *of* Newgate.

UNDER this Stone,
Lies a Reverend *Drone*,
To *Tyburn* well known.
Who Preach'd againſt Sin,
With a terrible Grin,
In which ſome may think that he Acted but odly,
Since he liv'd by the Wicked, and not by the Godly.
In time of great need,
In caſe he were Feed,
He'd teach one to *Read*
Old Pot-Hooks and Scrawls,
As ancient as *Pauls*.
But if no Money came,
You might hang for Old *Sam*,
And founder'd in *Pſalter*,
Be tied to a Halter.

This Prieſt was well-hung,
I mean, with a Tongue,

And

And bold Sons of Vice,
Wou'd diſarm in a trice,
And draw Tears from a Flint,
Or the Devil was in't.
If a Sinner came him nigh,
With Soul black as Chimney,
And had but the Senſe
To give him the Pence,
With a little *Church*-Paint,
He'd make him a Saint.

He underſtood Phyſick,
And cur'd Cough and Tiſſick;
And, in ſhort, all the Ills,
That we find in the Bills.
With a Soveraign Balm,
The World calls a Pſalm.
Thus his *Newgate-birds* once in the ſpace of a *Moon*,
Tho' they Liv'd to no purpoſe, they Dy'd to ſome Tune.
In Death was his Hope,
For he Liv'd by a Rope.
Yet this, by the way,
In his praiſe we may ſay,
That, like a true Friend,
He his Flock did attend,
Ev'n to the World's End,
And car'd not to ſtart,
From Sledge, or from Cart,

Till he firſt ſaw them wear,
Knots under their Ear,
And merrily ſwing,
In a well-twiſted String.
But if any Dy'd hard,
And left no Reward,
As I told you before,
He'd inhance their Old Score,
And Kill them again,
With his Murdering-Pen.

Thus he kept Sin in awe,
And ſupported the Law,
But Oh, cruel Fate!
So unkind, tho' I ſay't,
Laſt Week, to our Grief,
Grim Death, that Old Thief,
Alaſs and Alack,
Had the boldneſs to pack
This Old Prieſt on his Back.
And whither he's gone,
Is not certainly known.
But a Man may conclude,
Without being rude,
That Orthodox *Sam*,
His Flock wou'd not ſham;
And to ſhow himſelf to 'em a Paſtor moſt civil,
As he led, ſo he follow'd them all to the D—l.

An

An Elegy *written by* Stephen Switch, *upon* Dobbin *a Coach-Horſe, who departed this Mortal Life on* Saturday *the* 8*th of* April.

OH! Cruel Death, whoſe Rage without Remorſe is,
Why ſhould'ſt thou Perſecute Poor Harmleſs Horſes?
Whoſe *Righteous Blood*, as ſaid a Spokeſman wiſe,
Againſt thy Malice will in Judgment riſe.
On Courtiers thou'ſt my Leave to be ſevere,
And now and then I grudge thee not a Peer;
Spiritual or Temporal, no matter whether,
Or a whole Corporation take together.
Such Game methinks might thy keen Stomach ſtay,
Conſidering thoud'ſt a Whale the other Day,
Then why the Plague muſt thou on Horſefleſh prey?
It grieves my Conſcience, and diſturbs my Quiet,
To ſee thee thus given to *Tartarian* Diet.
Poor *Two-legg'd Beaſts*, thou think'ſt not worth a Groat,
But into Porter's fooliſh ſport are got,
And muſt be playing at *All-Fours*, God wot.

Were I to adviſe a Dinner for thy Palate,
A well-cram'd Prieſt ſhould ſerve inſtead of Sallad,
Fat Draymens Chines ſhould be a ſtanding Diſh:
I'd have an Admiral, when I Din'd on Fiſh.
If nought but Tender Morſels wou'd go down,
Commend me to a Lady of the Town;
But for a choice tough Bit to employ my Maw,
I'd take a Scrivener, or a Man of Law.
But thou'rt, I find, a ſtranger to good Breeding,
And doſt not know the Methods of good Feeding.

Oh *Dobbin*, thou waſt hurried off the Stage,
Juſt in the prime, and vigour of the Age.
Howe'er, dear Beaſt, 'tis to thy Friends ſome eaſe,
Thou fell'ſt by a Right Worſhipful Diſeaſe.
In ſpight of Clyſter, Balls, and Farrier's Phyſick.
Thy Days, alas! were ſhorten'd by the Tiſſick.
And all Men know, (I ſpeak it without Scoffing)
That many an Alderman has Died of Coughing.
But if Heav'ns Juſtice will endure inſpecting,
What had thy Lungs done to deſerve infecting?
For I can ſwear thou never hadſt th' Ambition
To talk Profaneneſs, Bawdy, or Sedition.

Once more farewell, my dear belov'd *Quadruped*,
The loſs of thee has plainly made me ſtupid.
I knew they Dad, thy Mother, and thy Grandſire,
But thou return'ſt to my Complaints no Anſwer.

Nor

Nor *Hugmatee*, nor *Flip*, my Grief can smother,
I lov'd thee, *Dobbin*, better than my Brother.
Since then so lame my Muse, so dull my Wit is,
I'll have thy Epitaph compos'd by *Pittis*.

On the Death of Dr. Kirleus.

YE Ghosts of *Trigg*, old *Saffold*, and *Ponteus*,
Arise! Arise! to meet the Great *KIRLEUS*:
And ye kind Damsels of this sinful Town,
Us'd to dispense Love's Joys for Half a Crown,
Lament, for now your Trusty Friend is gone.
Ye *Holborn* Bullies strow his Herse with Roses,
For to his Heav'nly Skill you owe your Noses.
Weep, *Cupid* weep, nor thy just Sorrow smother,
For, Child thoud'st better far have lost thy Mother.
With Rev'rend *Kirle* Love's Power will fall away,
His Empire lessen, and his Strength decay.

Thy *Pills*, Old Bard, in spite of State and Kirk,
Ev'n on the Sabbath-day it self wou'd *Work*:
And Sinners brought, (so Righteous was thy Sentence)
To Pensive *Stool* of Sorrowful Repentance.

Since

Since Death on thee has laid her Fingers Icy,
Ipſæ te Pinus, ipſæ flevere Myricæ.
And Sympathetick Fits in mournal ſtate,
With Tears of Turpentine bewail'd thy Fate.
Thou never did'ſt reject poor daggled Miſs,
Altho' ſhe Sued in *forma Pauperis.*
Grave Shop-keepers were *ſet up* by thy aid,
And many a *Sound* Divine by thee was made.

In Term, and out of Term, *Kirle* ſerv'd the Nation,
And knew no Intervals of dull Vacation.
Say what you will, this matter of true Fact is,
That few exceeded him in Chamber-practiſe.
Lawyers in Crowds to his fam'd Manſion preſt,
In hopes to have their *Cauſe* by him redreſt:
For none knew better how to make an end on't,
'Twixt *Plantiff* Counſeller, and Clap *Defendant.*
Tho' the Diſeaſe prov'd ne'er ſo ſtiff and croſs,
He ſoon cou'd check it with a *Noli Proſs.*
Young *Clerks*, when ſtray'd from *Noverint Univerſi*,
By him were Cur'd; And was not that a Mercy?
He was Loves Shre've, and prove Infection,
Chas'd Ulcers by a Potion of *Ejection*,
And as for th' oldeſt Ills, knew how to ſcare 'em,
By marching with a *Poſſe Pillularum.*

Methinks I ſtill behold Majeſtick *Kirle*,
With Solemn Air his *Belgick* Whiskers twirle,

Wrapt

Wrapt in Blue Rug methinks I hear him Talk,
And prole for Cuſtomers in *Grays-Inn-Walk.*
But why fond hopes ſhou'd I thus feed in vain?
He's gone, alaſs! and ne'er will come again.
Since then he has left us for a better place,
Remember, Gentlemen, your Friend *John Caſe.*

An Epitaph *on Dr.* Kirleus *of* Grays-Inn-Lane, *occaſion'd by his Friends reporting him only gone into the Country.*

THE famous *Kirleus*, Collegiate Phyſician,
As cheap a Practitioner as you cou'd wiſh one,
Who only with Diet-Drink, and a few Pills,
Cur'd Gout, Stone, and Pox, and a Thouſand more Ills;
Is gone to the Country Infernal with Phyſick,
To cure *Rhadamanthus*, they ſay, of the Tiſſick.
Let not *Nendick* then brag,
Of his *Tetrachymag*,
Nor himſelf *Tillburg* prize on,
Drinking Bumpers of Poyſon.
So uſeful a Doctor our Youngſters will miſs,
He hinder'd no Buſineſs, till Death hinder'd his.
A Journey thus tedious all Sporters may mourn,
For 'tis Forty to One that he'll never return.

The

The Fable of the Satyr, *and the* Traveller.

I.

TO his poor Cell, a Satyr led
A Traveller, with Cold half dead,
And with great Kindneſs treated:
A Fire Noſe-high he made him ſtrait,
Show'd him his Elbow-Chair of State,
And near the Chimney ſeated.

II.

His tingling Hands the Stranger blows,
At which the Satyr wondring roſe,
And bluntly Ask'd the Reaſon.
Sir, quoth the Man, I mean no harm,
I only do't my Hands to *Warm*,
In this cold Froſty Seaſon.

III.

The Satyr gave him from the Pot,
A Meſs of Porridge piping hot;
The Man blow'd o'er his Gruel.

What's

What's that for, Friend? The Satyr cry'd,
To *Cool* my Broth, his Gueſt reply'd,
And Truth, Sir, is a Jewel.

IV.

How, quoth the Hoſt, then is it ſo,
And can you Contradictions blow?
Turn out, and leave my Cottage.
This honeſt Manſion ne'er ſhall hold
Such Raſcals as blow *Hot* and *Cold*,
The De'll muſt find you Pottage.

The C——'s deſir'd that in their next Choice,
They'd be pleas'd from this Fable to take good Advice,
For a Man that two Churches at once has in view,
Shams both in their Turns, and to neither is True.

A Dialogue *betwixt the* New Lotteries, *and the* Royal-Oak.

New Lotteries.

TO you, the Mother of our Schools,
Where Knaves by Licenſe manage Fools,
Finding fit Juncture and Occaſion,
To pick the Pockets of the Nation,
We come to know how we muſt Treat 'em,
And to their Hearts-content may Cheat 'em.

Royal-Oak.

It chears my aged Heart to ſee,
So Numerous a Progeny;
I find by you, that 'tis Heaven's Will,
That Knavery ſhou'd flouriſh ſtill.
You have Docility, and Wit,
And Fools were never wanting yet.
Obſerve the Crafty *Auctioneer*,
His Art to ſell Waſte-Paper dear:
When he for *Salmon* baits his Hooks,
That Cormorant of Offal Books,
Who bites, as ſure as Maggots breed,
Or Carrion-Crows on Horſe-fleſh feed.
Fair ſpecious Titles him deceive,
To ſweep what S*l*—— and *T*——*n* leave.

If

If greedy Gulls you wou'd enſnare,
Make 'em Propoſals wond'rous fair.
Tell 'em ſtrange Golden Show'rs ſhall fall,
And promiſe Mountains to 'em all.

New Lotteries.

That Craft we've been already taught,
And by that Trick have Millions caught.
Books, *Bawbles*, *Toys*, all ſorts of Stuff,
Have gone off this way well enough.
Nay *Muſick* too invades our Art,
And to ſome Tune wou'd play her Part.
I'll ſhew you now, what we are doing,
For we have divers Wheels a going.
We have found out richer Lands,
Than *Aſia*'s Hills, or *Africk*'s Sands,
And to vaſt Treaſures muſt give Birth,
Deep hid in Bowels of the Earth;
In fertile *Wales*, and God knows where,
Rich Mines of Gold and Silver are,
From whence we drain prodigious ſtore
Of Silver Coin'd, tho' none in Ore,
Which down our Throats rich Coxcombs pour,
In hopes to make us Vomit more.

Royal-Oak.

This Project ſurely muſt be good;
Becauſe not eas'ly underſtood:
Beſides it gives a mighty ſcope,
To the Fool's Argument, Vain hope.
No Eagle's Eye the Cheat can ſee,
Thro' Hope thus back'd by Myſtery.

New

New Lotteries.

We have beſides a Thouſand more,
For Great and Small, for Rich and Poor,
From him that can his Thouſands ſpare,
Down to the Penny-Cuſtomer.

Royal-Oak.

The Silly Mob in Crowds will run,
To be at eaſie Rates undone.
A Gimcrack-Show draws in the Rout,
Thouſands their All by Pence lay out.

New Lotteries.

We by Experience, find it true;
But we have Methods wholly New,
Strange late invented Ways to Thrive,
To make Men pay for what they Give,
To get the Rents into our Hands
Of their Hereditary Lands,
And out of what does thence ariſe,
To make 'em buy Annuities.
We've Mathematick Combination,
To cheat Fools by plain Demonſtration,
Which ſhall be fairly manag'd too,
The Undertakers knows not how.
Beſides——

Royal-Oak.

Pray, hold a little, here's enough,
To beggar *Europe* of this Stuff.
Go on, and proſper, and be Great,
I am to You a Puny-Cheat.

F I N I S.

25 OC 78
MUSEUM

A

LETTER

FROM A

Gentleman in the Country,

TO HIS

Friend in the CITY.

Leeds, *Feb. the* 2d.

I Have at laſt, with much Difficulty, procured you a Copy of the Character of a *Latitudinarian* Anatomiz'd, which you have ſo long, and with ſo much Importunity deſired of me: All I can learn of the Paper is, that the Author Calculated it for the *Meridian* of *York*,

as I take it, (the Magiſtrate of which place in the Year 44, was a famous *Ambidexter*) and that it will equally ſerve for any Corporation within his Majeſty's Dominions; but I will not detain you from it any longer.

A *Latitudinarian* is a walking *Amſterdam* of Religions, out of whom all the *Ancient* and *Modern Hereſies* might be eaſily retrieved, though the Volumes of *Epiphanius* and *Roſs* were loſt. He thinks no part of a *Church* ſacred but the *Weather-Cock*, and honours the Memory of him that Invented a Wind-mill, becauſe it can *Grind* indifferently with *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, *North* and *South*. He talks much of *Moderation*, yet is as hot as one of his own Cuſtards, and as *Choleric* as a Haſty-pudding; he's as *Poſitive* in his own ſingle Self, as an Aſſembly of ſplay-mouth'd Divines; *Geryon* and *Cerberus* were only *Types* of him, but though he has three Heads, *viz.* An *Independant*, a *Presbyterian*, and a *Church of England* Head, yet he has not *Brains* to furniſh any one of them. By his *Wiſdom* and *Gravity* one would think he had *Long Ears*, but 'tis certain he has none, for he

is

is Deaf to the *Cries* of the *Poor*; and though he devours Widows and Orphans at a Morſell, yet he has no Bowels. His *Conſcience* is as unaccountable as a *Modern Hypotheſis*, which ſpares Cockle-ſhells in *Noah*'s Flood, and diſſolves the hardeſt Mettals; for it ſtarts at an *innocent Ceremony*, when it makes nothing to digeſt *Perjury* and *Oppreſſion*. 'Tis impoſſible to frame an *Oath*, but what he'l readily Swallow to gratify his *Ambition*. He calls them *State Counters*, takes them for his Intereſt, and breaks them for his Convenience; he calls God to witneſs, and yet believes nothing of his Exiſtence, like the Fellow in *Plautus*'s *Amphitrio*, that Swears by *Hercules* before he was born. *Trade*, with him, is the *Law* and the *Prophets*, and, in oppoſition to the Text, he's reſolved to ſerve *God* and *Mammon* together. Had he lived in the time of *Conſtantine*, he'd have gone to the *Chriſtian* Aſſemblies one day to ſave his Bacon, and to the *Heathen* Temples the next to ſecure a Stake againſt a *Pagan* Revolution. The Men of *Gotham* are Regiſtred for a pack of Fools, for endeavouring to hedge in a *Cuckow*. Is it not then a ſcurvy Reflection upon a

certain wiſe City's care for Religion, to pitch upon a Chameleon for its Head, who changes his Colour as often as he ſhifts his place? 'Tis pitty that our Laws, that Order ſo honourable a Reward for plurality of Wives, have not made the ſame wholeſome proviſion againſt plurality of Religions. He rails at *Superſtition*, and pretends to ſtand up for the *Primitive Church*; but though we read that the Apoſtles were Fiſhers, they were not Watermen, to look one way and row another.

He is very ſevere againſt the Bakers, and puniſhes them upon every Occaſion; not for Cheats, for as ſuch he honours them, but only to ſhow his Skill in the Hiſtory of the Bible, where he finds it was one of that Profeſſion that firſt hanſell'd the Gallows. He deſigns to adorn the Annals of his Government with ſomething Extraordinary, and to purchaſe a Name as *Heroſtratus* did of old, by *Inflaming* the Church. *Stow* and *Hollingſhead* that took ſuch pains to deſcribe Calves with ſix Legs, and all unnatural Births; if they had lived in our Age, What a ſtrange Account would they

they have given of this Triple-headed Beaſt, that exceeds all the Monſters that ever were ſhown in *Bartholomew* Fair, that ever *Afric* or *Holland* produced?

When his Dullneſs is mounted on Horſeback, he makes me think of ſome Ancient Coats of Arms, where the Supporters are of the ſame Species with the Beaſts in the Scutcheon. If the City, to give another Inſtance of their Diſcretion, ſhould chuſe *Ball* to ſucceed his Maſter, as we find *Caligula* once deſign'd his Horſe for the Conſulſhip, I dare Engage for *Ball*, that he'l make the ſoberer Magiſtrate of the two; and after he has had his Belly full of Hay and Oats in the Morning, that he won't kick, and winch, and keep a pother to be carried to Brewer's Grains, and Chopt Straw, in the Afternoon.

Whatever he may be to the reſt of his Servants, his Cook leads a very eaſy Life with him, and has as little to do all the Year round as a Barber in *Muſcovy*, a Lord Treaſurer in *Scotland*,

land, or a Taylor under the *Line* where they all go Naked. He preaches up Temperance at his own Table, but is *Harpy* incarnate when he can Devour on Free-coſt, and hates no Sins but thoſe that are Expenſive. He ſhews his Charity to the Poor, by providing Priſon-room for them; and for fear they ſhould Dye of Surfeits, takes care to let them Blood with a Dog-whip.

In his own ſingle Self, he out-does all the ſtrange Changes in *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*. *Oedipus* himſelf, were he alive, could never unriddle him. The Satyr that quarrel'd with the Fellow in the Fable, for blowing Hot and Cold ſucceſſively with the ſame Breath, What would he ſay to our Flea-bitten Magiſtrate, that can do both at the ſame Inſtant? If he varied his Body, as often as his Soul tacks about, no Taylor could fit this *Poſture Clark* in Religion, but he that made a Manteau for the Moon. In vain he promotes a Reformation, who ought to begin it at home, and ſtands up for the Sabbath, which no one profanes like himſelf, for he Teaches more Atheiſme by his Example, than all the

Parſons

Parſons in the City can ever hope to preach down. He is of ſeveral Churches, but of no Religion, as we ſay of Hermaphrodites, that by being of both Sexes, they are indeed of none, and can neither conveniently receive Love, as Women, nor Act it vigorouſly, as Men. He pretends to hate Diviſions, and yet encourages Schiſm, which he fooliſhly judges to be Expedient for the State, as the Women on the other ſide of the *Tweed* refuſe to be cured of the Itch, becauſe, forſooth, it is wholſome.

Nebuchadnezzar's Image had a Head of Gold, and Feet of Clay. Our Idol has a Skull as ſoft as Pap, to a Face of Braſs, and Arms of Iron. Having mention'd Braſs, commend me to that *Murus Aheneus* his Conſcience, which has long ſince learnt the Trick *Nullâ palleſcere Culpâ*.

I wonder with what pretence he can puniſh Beggars, who is himſelf the moſt inexcuſable Vagrant in the Three Kingdoms. If the *Pythagorean* Syſtem of Tranſmigration be true, the next remove his Soul makes muſt be into an Otter, or ſome ſuch amphibious Animal, for one

ſingle Element can never content him. He alters his Shapes according to the Company he is in, like thoſe experienced Sharpers, who when they are at Court would paſs for Good City Security, and when they are in the City, would be thought to have an Intereſt at Court. When he thinks his Authority will bear him out, *Lucifer* is leſs Haughty and Abſolute; at other times he's as Submiſſive and Humble, as a *Temple-Bar* Vintner in the Long Vacation. But who would not beſtow a Cudgel upon this fawning Cur, that will leap over a Stick for the Pope's Nuncio, and next minute do the ſame for a Crop-ear'd Tub-drubber?

He goes to a Sermon with the ſame Intent, as the Priſoners in *Ludgate* go to the Grate, only to ſhew his Chain; or, as the Beaux go to a Play, not to Reform his Manners, but hear himſelf expoſed. But though he ſees Hypocriſy laſhed every Sunday, he ſtands all the Fire the Parſons flaſh at him, like a Managed Horſe: He's convinced that 'tis a Cowardly Scoundril Sin, yet he won't part with it, becauſe it brings him

him in Gain: As I knew a Fellow once, that had Aches all over his Body, which punctually foretold all Changes in the Weather, yet could not be perſwaded to be Cured, becauſe he would not loſe his *Almanack*, as he call'd it. Had this Linſey-wolſey Brother lived under the *Moſaical* Diſpenſation, how finely had he been trounc'd, for ploughing thus with an Ox and an Aſs, and dividing himſelf ſo nicely between a *Caſſock* and a *Cloak*. He revives the Story of *Penelope*, ſtill Unravelling what he had done before, and Unlearning under one Teacher what he Learn'd under another.

The poor Cully in *Æſop*, with his two loving Wives, one of which clear'd his Head of the Black, and the other of his Gray Hairs, till at laſt they left him none between them, is a true Emblem of him. The different Churches he goes to will ſo Weed and Purge him by degrees, that they won't leave him a Rag of Religion to cover his Nakedneſs. With him, as in the Creation of the World, the Evening ſtill goes before the Morning; for though he vouch-

ſafes

ſaſes his Morning to the *Eſtabliſh'd Church*, yet in his heart he's at the *Meeting*, and his Thoughts ſtill run upon his Afternoon's *Extempore* Repaſt. Thus he is guilty of *Schiſm*, even when he ſeems to Aſſiſt at the publick Service; like the Man that committed *Adultery* with his own Lawful Wife, by thinking on another. I never ſee him at the Cathedral, but he makes me think of an *Algerine* putting out *Chriſtian* Colours. Indeed, if the Churches were ſhut up, ſomething might be ſaid for his going to the *Barn*, for even *Horſe-fleſh* we know was laudable Diet at the Siege of *London-derry*. If he does it for Variety, 'tis a ſign he has a moſt wretched Palate. Who, but a Coxcomb would go to a *Farce* in *Smithfield*, when the Play-Houſe is open? Who, that has Din'd at *Locket*'s, wou'd afterwards Sup among Porters in a Cellar in the *Strand*?

This laſt place puts me in mind of his extraordinary Houſe-keeping, though ſo great a Gormondizer of Spiritual Food, which coſts him nothing, yet very little will content him in his own Kitchin. By the power of good management, he can ex-

extract three Meals for himſelf and Family out of one ſingle Shoulder of Mutton, which piece of Frugality he learn'd, I ſuppoſe, from the Story of the Welch Sherriff, that converted an old Cloak firſt into a Coat then a Waſtcoat, and laſt of all into a pair of Breeches. I have heard of a Gentleman, who, purely to ſave his Money, would take a Coach that coſt him Twelve Pence to be Trimm'd by a Two-penny *French* Barber in *Soho*. The City perhaps, with equal Diſcretion, choſe him to Husband their Stock; but by ſtarving the Poor, he has put the Pariſhes to ſuch Charges in Burials, that they are not like to ſave any thing by him; unleſs as old *Chiron* was, both a Tutor and a Pad-nagg upon occaſion to *Achilles*, ſo they make the Beaſt ſerve them in a double Capacity, that is to ſay, both as their Horſe and their Magiſtrate.

I have been told of a Man that had a very bad Memory, ſo very treacherous and unfaithful, that if he had made an Aſſignation in the morning, he was ſure to forget it long before the hour came. Well, ſays he, to prevent this for the future

ture, I am reſolved to buy a *Memorandum*-Book, But what was he the better for it? He ſoon after forgot that he had bought any ſuch Director to relieve his Memory. This is the Caſe of our *Latitudinarian*: When thoſe of his Party are under Hatches, then all his Diſcourſe runs upon Chriſtian forbearance and Condeſcention, and never a Paſſage in the Old or New Teſtament eſcapes him, that makes for that purpoſe. But when they are mounted, and in the Saddle, the Tables are turn'd, and he lays about him like Thunder and Lightning, and forgets that Perſecution is the Mark of *Antichriſt*. 'Tis true, all the while he devours you, he cants of Moderation, and pretends he does it unwillingly, but this is only a Copy of his Countenance. He firſt tears you aſunder, as the *Jews* did *Iſaiah* of old, with the wooden Saw of a dull heavy Speech: But who wou'd not rather chuſe to make a Breakfaſt for a generous Lion, than to be Eaten by a weeping Crocodile?

For my part I wonder that the Prieſts of the different Churches he repairs to, don't execute a piece of Military Diſci-

pline

pline upon him, and truſs him up for a *Spy*. But I ſuppoſe hee keeps in with all, by telling them ſeverally in a corner that each performs beſt; like the Harlot, in the Play, that was kept by three Gallants, and told each of them in private, that he was the Perſon that gave her the moſt Satisfaction. 'Tis next to a miracle to me, that the Prieſthood, who are ſo ſharp-ſighted upon other Occaſions, don't ſee through the thin Artifices of this bare-fac'd Impoſtor, and dart the Thunder of the Church upon a Wretch who pretends to be a Friend to all, and yet is an Enemy to the whole Tribe. I hope none of the Prophets have given it him under their hands, that 'tis no Sin to go to the Temple of *Rimmon*. But this preſent Contending between the ſeveral Perſwaſions to ſecure him to their Party, gives me a perfect Reſemblance of an *Ant-hill*, where there is the ſame lugging, and tearing, and ſtruggling about a dead Fly.

In ſhort, our *Latitudinarian* is a Retainer to all Churches, but a Member of none; and will never have the Benefit of his Clergy, though he pretends to make

make his Court to all the various Sorts of them. 'Tis an unthinking Sot, that keeps the Streets cleaner than his own Conſcience. At laſt, every Body finds out his Diſguiſe, and deſpiſes him; and as ſeveral Cities formerly contended who gave Birth to *Homer*, ſo, in his caſe, all *Churches* and *Congregations* ſtrive who ſhall Diſclaim him firſt. Though he has a middle Station here, he muſt not expect one in another World. *Lucifer* only can pay him the Wages of his Hypocriſy, in whoſe Clutches we leave him.

Your moſt humble Servant,

H. E.

POSTSCRIPT.

I Am informed that Dr. *Otes* has been very prolific of late, pray ſend me down all his Books by the Carrier, for I long to be opening his Magazine of Scandal.

Scandal. An honeſt Parſon in the Neighbourhood calls him *Oreſtes*, becauſe he's *Scriptus & in tergo, nec dum finitus.* Another applies this paſſage of *Horace* to him, *Ubi quid datur OTI illudo,* which he Interprets thus, *When any thing of Dr.* Otes's *Writing comes abroad, I fall a Laughing, and make my Self merry with it.*

FINIS.